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Replies to Correspondents.

The following are declined as unsuited to us; "ELMAR," "J. B. P.," "F." "CANTAR," is sent to the author. "T. A. K."—His gratifying letter has been forwarded to "The New Poet," who will appreciate the kindly sympathies and judicious hints of the writer. "A." (Sherborne).—Thanks. But we do not enter upon controversies of this kind. "G. B." (Halifax).—Is mistaken respecting the announcement of a translation of another of Jean Paul's novels; we are not conscious of having made it. There is no English translation of Hesperus; and it is desirable that there should be one.

To Subscribers.

The Publisher is now enabled to furnish a few sets of the numbers already published of the present volume of THE CRITIC. This announcement is necessary, as some subscribers were, a short time since, disappointed of obtaining such sets.

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THE CRITIC,
LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

TO OUR READERS.

ALTHOUGH a double number is necessarily attended with very great cost, we have again preferred to adopt it, rather than to permit the province of the reader to be too much invaded by the very gratifying recognition which advertisers are now making, in the most emphatic form, of the value of THE CRITIC as the medium for their advertisements.

We propose to meet this, at the commencement of the next volume, by the adoption of a smaller type for the advertisements, similar to that used in other literary journals.

The next number, for January, 1 will commence a new volume, affording a convenient opportunity for new subscribers. It also will be a double number, and will contain the Title and Index to the present volume.

We have purchased some of the back numbers which were out of print, so that a few complete sets for the present volume can now be made up, if the subscribers will order the numbers they so require through their Booksellers.

DIRECTORY OF LIVING AUTHORS,
ARTISTS, AND COMPOSERS.

Now that our design is beginning to be understood, and it is seen that we do not ask for an autobiography, but only for such a statement of facts and dates as any person might supply without more of egotism than there would be in filling up a census paper, the information we have asked for in our Form of Return, for the purposes of *The Directory*, is freely given. In all quarters there is the utmost readiness to furnish such unadorned facts as are necessary to the design; and already the materials for the first number are collected, and in progress of preparation for the press, so that the first number will be published, we hope, on the 10th of January. It will consist of twenty-four pages, royal octavo, double columns, closely printed, and when it is seen what names are there, sure we are that none will hesitate to assist us by returning the printed form, with the few facts that are asked for duly supplied. Some copies will be stamped for transmission by post, to those who may send their orders to the office before the close of the year.

THE LITERARY CLASSES.

No class of the community is more dependant upon accident without and within as those who pursue Literature and Art as a calling. Employment is precarious, remuneration uncertain in amount, and health of mind and body the condition, wanting which they are dependant upon charity, and if they die their families are thrown upon the world without a subsistence.

Assurance of Life is the means by which other professions avoid this extremity of misery. Saving something yearly out of their incomes, however small or uncertain, they make provision for their families when their helping hand is still, or, if they have none, they convert their policies into annuities which sustain their own declining years. The Clergy have their Assurance Societies, the Lawyers theirs; almost every calling has associated for this beneficent purpose—except those who most require it—the Literary Class. This carelessness has often amazed us.

But our attention has been directed to a Society which at last purposes to supply this defect. Under the appropriate name of *The Athenæum*, it offers to all the classes connected with Literature and the Arts the advantages that are already enjoyed by almost every other class. No longer need the Author, the Artist, the Musician and the Actor look forward with fear to the future, for he may now make provision, according to his means, either for his own support in old age, or for that of his children, should he die prematurely, or for both. The various plans by which his wants, in this respect, may be supplied, will be found in the prospectus, which appears in another page.

But that is only a portion of the benefit proposed to the Literary Class by the Society. In this it resembles an ordinary Assurance Office, and so far would not have claimed at our hands, as a Literary Journal, any special notice. But associated with it is a large scheme of benevolent objects, to which a portion of the profits of the Society are to be applicable, and which, if fully

carried out, will effectually provide for those whom ill health or ill fortune may bring into positive distress. This design is wisely planned, so that it shall not be a substitute for self-provision, but an aid to it. It adopts the only safe principle of beneficence, which is, to help those only who help themselves. The very condition of assistance from the fund is to be, that the claimant has already done his best towards providing for himself, and then, if he wants, he will have aid from the fund.

As yet we may not present to our readers all the details of this large scheme of benevolence, based upon the soundest principles, which is now almost matured, and which, if well supported, must raise the condition of the entire class for whom it is designed. We can but announce its rapid progress to completion, under the auspices and with the aid of the *Athenæum Assurance Society*, to which it will appropriately be indebted for its birth. We shall have frequent opportunities of noticing it hereafter, if its merits should prove in practice as great as they appear to be in the prospectus of it which has been submitted to us.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

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SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE DAY.

NOTES BY AN OBSERVER.

AUTHORS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS: Interior of Mr. Grace's domicile.—Mr. Hackney, the compiler, Mr. Spring, the reporter, and Mr. Sharp, reader to the celebrated publisher, Mr. Bungay.—Report of a conversation between these eminent individuals.—New Books: Lord Cockburn's "Life of Jeffrey"—Collected poems of D. M. Moir, with memoir by Thomas Aird.—D. M. Moir and George Moir.—The two great periods of Modern English History; a Disquisition.—New edition of the Ormond Papers.—Mr. Hepworth Dixon's forthcoming "Life of Blake"—Charles Dickens' "Child's History of England"—Mr. Bohn's Antiquarian Library: Works of Sir Thomas Broome.—Poetical Translations: Blackie's *Æschylus*—Cayley's *Dante*—Smith's *Tasso*—Merivale's, Bowring's and Bulwer's *Schiller*—Goethe and Professor Aytoun, the Editor of *Blackwood*—John Cameron's (privately printed) "Clouds and Sunshine."—LITERARY NECROLOGY: Death of Basil Montague—Coleridge and little Miss Montague—Bacon, Montague and Spedding.—THE UNIVERSITIES: No "first-class man" this year at Oxford.—Speculations thereon.—Cambridge: Lebas prize for an essay on our Indian empire—Clive and Hastings: Achilles and Ulysses.—THE PRESS: Decision of the Judges in the matter of the Crown versus Charles Dickens' Household Narrative.—Supposition of a monthly political supplement to THE CRITIC.

THE reader has already been incidentally informed (if he have cared to remember so unimportant a fact) that I reside in what was once called Grub-street, but has of late years, not without solemn consultation on the part of its owners, been renamed after the immortal author of *Paradise Lost*. I rent a third floor in one of its most ancient tenements, and all my fellow residents are more or less literary, from our worthy landlord on the basement who plops along daily in the library of a great national establishment, to little JACK SPRING in the attic above me, who belongs to the reporting corps of a leading morning journal, and is "own correspondent" of I know not how many provincial newspapers. The ground-floor is occupied by Mr. THOMAS HACKNEY, a worthy and diligent but rather saturnine person (SPRING is the merriest of mortals) who manufactures school-books for "the trade" in general, compiles narrative, description and science for an eminent cheap periodical, and is looked upon (I may add) with considerable confidence by the manager of a flourishing Tract Society which aims at the simultaneous diffusion of useful knowledge and of sound theological views. On the first floor of course, dwells the aristocrat of the tenement, Mr. RICHARD SHARP, reader-in-chief of the MSS. submitted to Mr. BUNGAY, the celebrated publisher, whose connection with Mr. ARTHUR PENDENNIS every one remembers. Mr. SHARP is a gentleman of polished and rather haughty manners, to which he has every right; since, when important literary negotiations are in train, he is often asked to dinner by authors of distinction, especially by an illustrious baronet. Being in different lines, however, and not seeing too much of each other, we all get on very well together, when we occasionally reciprocate a little friendly supper-party. Mr. THACKERAY has lately laid it down as a general rule, that by no class of persons is literature so rarely talked of as by those who are dependent on it. My experience of Grub—I mean of Milton-street, does not tend to confirm the dictum of the great biographer of PENDENNIS. With its critical and æsthetic side, it is true, we do not much meddle; but its *matériel* and *personnel* (as Mr. SHARP would say), the gains of authors and the salaries of editors, the sale of the last "hit," the circulation of the last newspaper, the prospects of the Trade season, and the like cognate topics, are discussed by us with unwearied vivacity; and, in my humble domicile, there have been brought to bear on them a philosophy and experience, the results of which, I am resolved, shall henceforth not be wholly lost to the world. It was but the other night that, in Mr. SPRING's attic, Authors, Publishers, and Editors, formed the subject of a conversation, of which I seize on the present opportunity of presenting the substance to the world.

Mr. HACKNEY had just finished a tract; a stoical wrath pervaded his remarks, and he talked (as he often does), with severe calmness, of retiring from business altogether. "I do not mean to say," the worthy man continued, "that I haven't plenty to do. Thank heaven! Tom HACKNEY can always command a market. But one's position isn't what it used to be. Time was, when a good solid article, crammed full of facts, as a grocer's drum is of figs, with a moral precept at the bottom, was all that was wanted. But now, if you wish to hold your head up, you must be 'brilliant,' or 'witty,' or 'lively,' or something of that kind. What do you think the Manager of the Tract Society asked me the other day? If I wasn't of opinion that, in the present state of the public mind, a little humour might be judiciously brought into play in aid of the interests of religion? Its all owing," my friend went on with unusual asperity, "its all owing to *Household Words*. Why do men that have been writing novels, and farces, and so forth, push themselves into *Useful Knowledge*. If Mr. PINNOCK or Mrs. MANGNALL were alive, the sight would break their hearts." JACK SPRING is, in general, the most contented of men; but he has been refused leave to repair to Paris with his note-book and pencil, and assist the ordinary "own correspondent" of his journal: (JACK had a circular out to the provincial newspapers as soon as the news arrived of LOUIS NAPOLEON's coup, and he expected to turn a pretty penny as Paris correspondent), and catching HACKNEY's lugubrious tone, he exclaimed: "As to people in our line, I don't know what is to become of us. Reporting is a perfect drug. Half-a-dozen of us got notice the other day. Our man says the public doesn't care as it used to do about Parliamentary debates,

and lively condensation is to be all the go. A lively condensation of salaries is to follow, no doubt. Then what with electric telegraphs and railways, a country editor won't take an ordinary London letter if you give it him for nothing; and half my fees go in treats to footmen, and the rogues are learning to invent as well as their employers." Mr. SHARP, who had been picking his teeth, then struck in: "For my part," said this important individual, "I think matters in our business are going on very well. A man that's poor can't live now by writing books; it won't pay him; he wants something regular and certain. Poor devil," added Mr. SHARP, benignantly, "let him review 'em, or learn short-hand, or turn editor of a newspaper, or something of that sort. Our firm hasn't once in six months, now, an offer of a MS. from what they used to call an 'author by profession.' It's the aristocracy, and persons with capital and leisure, that want to make a figure, who ought to write books. People who know something of high life, and can introduce French, and that sort of thing. Newspapers and three-halfpenny journals are good enough for the *canaille*!" Mr. GRAVE himself was silent, but he made his own reflections, with which, however, he will not at present trouble the reader.

I announced some time ago that a *Life and Correspondence of FRANCIS, LORD JEFFREY*, was in preparation by Lord COCKBURN, his friend through life, his fellow-whig, fellow-advocate, and fellow-judge; and Messrs. BLACK, of Edinburgh, are now advertising it as on the point of publication. A much smaller Scotch literary celebrity was D. M. MOIR, the "Delta" of *Blackwood*, lately deceased, who, too, is not to go without his memorial; his collected poems being announced by the Messrs. BLACKWOOD, with a memoir by THOMAS AIRD. "Delta" was an amiable and benevolent surgeon at Musselburgh, a little fishing village a few miles east of Edinburgh, and had nothing about him of the conceit which a little literary fame generally begets in the member of a trifling provincial circle. Whether his musical and rather melancholy verses will be long remembered is doubtful, but a tolerably enduring reputation is probably secured to his *Manie Wauch*, a genial portraiture of a Scottish village-original, in its way quite as racy, though not so caustic, as GALT's best works in the same line. Mr. THOMAS AIRD, his biographer, is, if I remember rightly, the editor of a Dumfries newspaper, and himself (if Mr. GEORGE GILFILLAN is to be trusted,) a man of original genius. D. M. MOIR, by the way, ought not to be confounded with his namesake and fellow contributor to *Blackwood*, GEORGE MOIR, the Edinburgh advocate, a man of much greater accomplishment, the translator of SCHILLER's *Wallenstein*, and author of the *Fragments from the History of John Bull*, a satire on modern reform, in the manner of Dean SWIFT's *Tale of a Tub*.

Which period of English history is destined to survive as the brightest and most important in the memories of Englishmen? Is it the century between 1688 and 1789—between the "glorious revolution" in England and the terrible revolution in France—the century which Mr. MACAULAY is bending all his energies to celebrate, which, in literature, produced the wits and poets of Queen ANNE, the three great novelists, FIELDING, SMOLLETT, and RICHARDSON, JOHNSON and GOLD-SMITH, COWPER and BURNS—in statesmanship, CHATNAM and BURKE—in arms, MARLBOROUGH and CLIVE—in industry, ARKWRIGHT and BRINDLEY,—and which, in the conquest of India, made amends for the loss of America? Or will it be the twenty or so years between the meeting of the Long Parliament and the undisputed accession of CHARLES II. to the throne? It is impossible to say; meanwhile let us be thankful that both periods are being carefully investigated. Lord MAHON's and Mr. MACAULAY's new volumes of history relating to the latter period have been already announced by Mr. GRAVE, as well as Lady THERESA LEWIS's forthcoming "*Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Clarendon*." A re-issue from the University press of the Ormonde papers is worth an allusion, as another indication of the growing interest in the Civil War times. Let every man of mark of that great period have his biographer and even panegyrist: thus, materials, at least, will be accumulated to aid in forming a true judgment. Let CARTE (in a new edition) glorify ORMOND, let Oxford canonize LAUD (what, by the way, has come of the Rev. Mr. BAILEY's promised "*Life of Strafford*"), let

Mr. FORSTER celebrate the "Statesmen of the Commonwealth," let Mr. MARK NAPIER deify MONTROSE, and GUZOT write admirably of MONK, and even Prince RUPERT find an advocate in Mr. WARBURTON. The last announcement of a new work in this section of history or biography is one made by *The Athenæum* (a most competent authority on such a point,) of a forthcoming *Life of BLAKE*, "based almost entirely on original documents," by Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON, the biographer of JOHN HOWARD and WILLIAM PENN, and the delineator of London prisons. Mr. DIXON has a taste for the selection of "safe" subjects, and ROBERT BLAKE is surely one of the "safest" that could be chosen. The NELSON of the Commonwealth, without NELSON's faults and frailties, a republican staunch as LUDLOW or VANE, but fighting as heartily for his country under CROMWELL as under the Parliament, BLAKE is a favourite with the two classes into which I heard a friend the other day divide the thinking Englishmen of the present age, "the Macaulayites and the Carlylites." Mr. DIXON has an undeniable and praiseworthy skill in fishing (or jerking) up "original materials," and cannot fail, with such a subject, to make an interesting book, nor, with his lively newspaper-talent, can it fail to be an amusing one. Before quitting the subject of English history, let me allude to the publication of Vol. I. of *A Child's History of England*, reprinted from *Household Words*, and avowedly "by CHARLES DICKENS." The spirit seems rather a doubtful one in which Mr. DICKENS has gone to work in teaching his child-readers the history of their country, and resembles too much that which pervaded the "*History of Young England*," by Mr. JOHN FORSTER, in *Jerrold's Magazine*. Mr. DICKENS' plan of proceeding is a very simple, but a very injurious, one. It is to stigmatize as absurd and barbarous all actions and modes of conduct which would be absurd and barbarous now. So that the lion-hearted RICHARD himself is made to appear a very paltry and wrong-headed person, compared with any smart literary gentleman on Mr. DICKENS' establishment, properly imbued with the philanthropic spirit of the age!

The merits of Mr. BOHN as a publisher, have been often admirably acknowledged in this Journal; nor does he seem to be at all disposed to halt or falter in his praiseworthy career. Thus the volume of his *Antiquarian Library* for the present month is the first of an edition of Sir THOMAS BROWNE's works, and gives us cause to hope that we may see all the chief classics of our literature appearing in that familiar verdant and unexpensive form. CHARLES LAMB would have held up his hands in half-real, half-affected honour, at the spectacle of the quaintly meditative philosopher of Norwich, clad in the spruce modern garb of London typography and binding of the year 1851; but most people will be glad to take him as they can find him. Publishing, conducted in Mr. BOHN's spirit, is the true "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." It is not new books that we want, but old ones made easily attainable. Except perhaps in the article of literal translations of the ancient classics, and Mr. BOHN is wisely furnishing us with them.

Not that in spite of this last-named demand, there is any lack of poetical or metrical translations. It is not many months since Professor BLACKIE gave us a poetical version of ÆSCHYLUS; Mr. CATLEY's rendering of DANTE in the metre of DANTE, is not many weeks old; the other day produced a version of TASSO's *Jerusalem Delivered*, in TORQUATO's own ottava rima, by the Rev. Mr. SMITH; MERIVALE's exact translation of SCHILLER's poems, has found a recent rival in Mr. EDGAR BOWRING, and a new edition is advertised of BULWER's "*Poems and Ballads of Schiller*." The question of Prose versus Metre, in translation, so ably handled in a recent number of the *North British Review*, is in the way of being settled by actual experiment. Who will be adventurous enough to try his hand on Goethe—not the *Faust* by any manner of means, but on his minor poems? BULWER began the enterprise some years ago in *Blackwood's Magazine*, but it was evidently too much for him. Mr. ATTOUN, the Editor of *Blackwood* (who once published there if I remember rightly, an excellent translation of the *Bride of Corinth*) could do it if any man in Britain could; but he is too much taken up, I suppose, with "my dear DUNSHUNNER," and "my dear MCCORKINDALE!"

Mr. HENRY FORKER (Mr. THACKERAY has informed us), although by the father's side con-

nected with the beer-vat, yet as the son of Lady MARY FOKER, and grandson of the Earl of BARRACRES, was a member of the aristocracy, and a young gentleman, moreover, of immense actual and prospective wealth. Few scenes in modern fiction are more pathetic than that which describes this rich and highly-connected youth, as almost weeping over the deficiencies of his culture, and yearning for the accomplishments of Mr. ARTHUR PENDENNIS, as for the one thing needful. An instructive glance, no doubt, into the thoughts and feelings of other members of the aristocracy than Mr. FOKER! There was a time when a nobleman or gentleman, if he condescended to be an author at all, printed his books only for private circulation, and everybody remembers HORACE WALPOLE's affectation on this head, in connection with the press at Strawberry-hill. But Lord BYRON's success, and a variety of other incidents, have knocked all that nonsense on the head. A nobleman or gentleman now-a-days, is as proud as his neighbours of a little literary success, and will stoop even lower than his neighbours to obtain it. The age of "books privately printed" is gone by! Whence then comes this elegant and thin quarto, in binding of grassy green, without publisher's name, and with a margin so ample as to recall the "large paper" glories of a vanished Bibliographical past. "*Clouds and Sunshine*." A Poem. By JOHN CAMERON;" and "printed by J. B. MILLARD, Boone-street Lee, Kent." Since Sir EGERTON BRYDGES, from Lee Priory, hard by, sent forth in rapid sequence masses of private print, nothing so typographically neat has come to us from those pleasant fields. Rough plaintive music, in which a poet-soul bewails the decay of faith in others and himself, and seems to stand trembling on the green edge of the habitable land, before dashing into the grim Sahara of Doubt. Gifted and eloquent singer, good be thy speed!

BASIL MONTAGUE died lately at Boulogne, in his eighty-second year; another member gone of the circle which had COLERIDGE for its centre, and was pretty lively about the time of the Reform Bill. It was at Mr. MONTAGUE's house that used to happen, the celebrated incident, that when COLERIDGE was left by himself, a little child would be sent in with directions to "listen to Mr. COLERIDGE talking,"—any hearer contenting the old gentleman! In other respects, socially, Mr. MONTAGUE was known as a barrister without much practice, as a zealous co-operator with the late Lord NUGENT, on behalf of the abolition of capital punishments, and as a worshipper of Lord BACON, of whose works he published a well-known edition which may soon be thrown into the shade by one from the laborious and far-reaching hands of Mr. SPEDDING.

The "First class," at Oxford, this year, is completely vacant, an event which has scarcely occurred once during the forty years in which classes have been established. Of course, all sorts of hypotheses are current to account for it. Those who are opposed to High Church theology say, as they did on a former occasion, that the study of the Fathers is leading young and zealous Oxonians away from the study of the classics—and hence the otherwise unaccountable deficiency. A simpler and more legitimate cause might be found in the circumstance that modern literature is being rapidly diffused even in Oxford, and that with its new and exciting influences, brought to bear upon intelligent Oxonians, it is scarcely to be supposed that longs and shorts, the chorusses of ÆSCHYLUS, and the mysteries of the subjunctive mood can interest as they used to do, when they were the only problems submitted to the intellect of young England. As old GOETHE used to hope, one hopes still that the Greek and Latin writers will long remain the basis of youthful intellectual culture; but they must be handled in a very different manner than any they have hitherto been submitted to, if they are to retain a hold on future generations. Not their use of the subjunctive mood, or their possible use of the digamma, but the sort of thoughts and emotions, the patriotisms and heroisms, that ancient Greek and Roman men had in them must be vividly expounded to the youth of Oxford and Cambridge, if they are to hold their ground (and it is desirable that they should) against the kind of persons whose characteristics Mr. THACKERAY has lately been describing in the academic halls by the Cam and the Isis. In Cambridge, in sooth, some notion of this sort is thriving apace; and even modern semi-heroisms of a recognisable kind are

put on a par with ancient entire heroisms, drowned under the "guano droppings" of generations of pedants. Thus, we hear there of a Lebas prize (a very small one, but still a prize,) to be given to the best essayist on some subject connected with our Indian empire. And surely ROBERT LORD CLIVE is quite equal in most human gifts to ACHILLES son of PELEUS; nor was WARREN HASTINGS in his acts and destinies far behind the much experienced ULYSSES.

A decision, and a most important one, has at last been delivered in the Court of Exchequer, in the case of the *Crown versus Charles Dickens*, in the matter of the *Household Narrative of Current Events*, a monthly newspaper without a stamp. The judges have laid it down that any publication, published at intervals of six and twenty days, may contain news up to the evening of the five-and-twentieth, and yet not be liable for stamp. "Suppose," said one of the judges, "Mr. MACAULAY published a continuation of his *History of England* up to last Saturday; that would certainly contain news; but would any one contend that it should be stamped? No!" In like manner, I would venture to ask, suppose the Proprietor of THE CRITIC were to publish not fortnightly, but monthly, and in a supplementary form, a narrative of the politics of the month, would he be liable to a stamp? *The Revue des deux Mondes*, a purely literary journal, contains, every number (published fortnightly), a political "chronique de la quinzaine" (chronicle of the fortnight), which is not the least prized of its many desirable articles and which, indeed, is read all over Europe as an extremely clever political summary.

FRANK GRAVE.

TWO CENTURIES AGO.

FROM THE OLD BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.*
(Monday, the 15th December, 1651, to Thursday, the 1st January, 1652.)

1. COURT AND FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE. 2. OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS. 3. PARLIAM- ENTARY PROCEEDINGS. 4. MISCELLANEOUS DOMESTIC NEWS.

1. THE amiable and accomplished Mr. Evelyn, well-known as the Author of *Sylva*, a Royalist, but a passive one, took a trip to Paris in the summer, and is remaining to spend his Christmas there. How His Most Gracious Majesty Charles II. escaped after the battle of Worcester, and got off to France and Paris, everybody knows. His Majesty, though poor and vanquished, finds himself happier, no doubt, in the gay metropolis of France, and with his little mimic Court, than when in the camp of the Scots and under the thumb of their straitlaced Presbyterian preachers. Not that His Majesty neglects the "ordinances of religion." On Christmas-day Mr. Evelyn has the satisfaction of seeing his King and the Duke of York receive the sacrament; "the Lords Byron and Wilmot holding the long towel all along the altar;" the former being the ancestor of the poet-peer, the latter that Earl of Rochester, who became famous for other dealings than with "altars." "Mrs. Lane," the well-known Presbyterian lady who aided Charles in his escape, has come to see the preserved monarch, and is most affably received by him and the fashionables of Paris: "all the cavalry," says the *Faithful Scout*, meaning chivalry, I presume, "do extremely adore her." The same Journal gives an account of her first Paris interview with her King, which testifies most satisfactorily to the religious zeal of both. "Now, sweet lady," said the merry Monarch when he received her, "you are as welcome to me as ever I was to you, and I bless God for that great mercy and providence, who made you instrumental for my deliverance." He then requested the lady to prayers with him, which she respectfully declined, being "a firm Presbyterian" as well as "an excellent disputant and an acute wit," nor can she at any time be drawn to "Mr. Brown's chapel, which place the Scots' King frequents often in hearing of common prayer," without being condemned to listen to denunciations of his own and his father's backslidings, as among the Presbyterians north of the Tweed. For the rest, Mr. Evelyn, with his artistic and scientific tastes, enjoys himself very tolerably. One day we go to see a palace and its pictures and statues; another day to a lecture on Chemistry; or Sir Kenelm Digby (whom Mr. Evelyn thinks "a quack") has some marvellous

development to present of the *elixir vita*, or the philosopher's stone. "Mr. Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury" is here, and drops in occasionally. There are dinner-parties where the Royalist exiles forget their sorrows, and talk over their adventures in the Civil War. Thus on the 21st, "Sir Lewis Dives dined with us, who relating some of his adventures showed me divers pieces of broad gold which being in his pocket in a fight, preserved his life by receiving a musket-ball on them, which deadened its violence, so that it went no further, but made such a stroke as fixed the impression upon one another; battering and bending several of them; the bullet itself was flattened, and retained on it the colour of the gold." Mr. Evelyn listens to everything with great politeness, but occasionally gives expression in his diary to a little judicious scepticism. So wags the English world at Paris.

2. Monday, the 15th, "Mynheers Scaap, Catz, and Parre" landed at Gravesend, plenipotentiaries and envoys extraordinary from their High Mightinesses of Holland to the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England. The "mercantile interest" is of good cheer, and hopes that we shall have a peace with the Dutch. They allowed some Royalist exiles at the Hague to assassinate our ambassador, Dorislaus, and the Lord Chief Justice Oliver St. John, whom we sent over to make matters up, only made them worse (being a very proud person); so that, when he came back, we passed (on the 25th October last,) the famous Navigation Laws, which affect the Dutch in their most sensitive quarter—the breeches' pocket. Hence, this embassy; which, however, is to be treated with great respect, as coming from a Protestant nation, and one willing to recognise us as a republic, now that the battle of Worcester has been fought. As a proof of confidence, "Mynheer Catz" brings his daughter with him; Miss Catz was nothing loth, I dare say, to "go with Papa." On the Wednesday, two days after the landing, old London sees them driving through its streets "in great pomp," say the newspapers, "being accommodated with above forty English coaches, the richest, that of late days, have been seen together in England;" there are with them "thirty gentlemen and thirty lackies of their own retinue;" and Sir Oliver Fleming, the Parliament's Master of the Ceremonies, conducts them to Westminster, where they have a lodging provided for them at the national expense, in "Sir Abraham Mills's house, in the Palace-yard." I observe that Protestant Sweden has no objections to enter into relations with the Commonwealth; and that "Mons. Spiering," sent by Queen Christina, landed at Gravesend from the same ship which brought the Dutchman; but his is an unexpected arrival, and he goes to his lodging without any recognition or fuss. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, too, will be shortly making overtures to the Commonwealth.

3. With the settlement of the nation still to be effected, Honourable Gentlemen allow themselves no recess, and are as busy as ever with their debates by day, and their committees at night. Tuesday, the 16th, they are occupied with "Supply," chiefly for the army. Four years ago the war-establishment was something like 10,500 horse, and 24,000 foot; now that we have peace once more, it has been cut down to a total land force of 25,000 men; and the monthly assessment for their support is only 90,000*l.*, some 35,000*l.* per month less than it was before.* Except at Burnt-island, in the Frith of Forth, where some of the garrison about to be disbanded attempted a mutiny, but were easily repressed, there is no grumbling from the army over the reduction. This Tuesday, the Act for the Assessment is read a first and second time, and will be passed in a few days. Each district is taxed so much, according to its means. London city pays the highest assessment, 6,000*l.* a month; the next highest are those of the counties of Kent and Suffolk, 4,700*l.* respectively; Yorkshire lags behind, and Lancashire still more, the former is to pay 3,900*l.*, and the latter only 1,200*l.* Wednesday, the 17th, it is the "fine arts," strange to say, that engrosses the attention of the Puritan Parliament. As a new Council of State has been sworn in, the three Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal appear, and receive from Mr. Speaker a new great seal, with directions to break the old one. Whereon it is ordered "to be referred to the Council of State that Mr. Symons receive 300*l.* for his two great seals, and the materials thereof." And not only so, but inasmuch as Mr. Symons has been extremely successful, Honourable Gen-

* Evelyn's Memoirs (Edition 1819), Vol. I., p. 258; and authorities as for former article.

* Godwin, Vol. III., p. 404-410.

tiemen are resolved to pay him well; wherefore it is further ordered, "that the said council do take consideration of what further recompense is fit to be given unto him for his extraordinary pains therein." Somebody has produced a — "Cromwell's Statue!" But he goes without his fame, and appears in the journals as Mr. Four Asterisks merely:—"Ordered, that it be referred to the Council of State to take into consideration the pains of * * * * in making the statue of the General; and give him such gratuity as they shall think fit." Further and more solid rewards are in store for the General. Next day (Thursday) an Act is read a first and second time for settling on him "Lands and Manors," to the clear value of 4,000*l.* a year; and that nothing may be wanting, it is ordered that the committee on the act "have power to find out a convenient house for the Lord General," over and above the 4,000*l.* a-year. On Thursday, further, Mr. Speaker acquaints the House of a letter from the Dutch Ambassadors. They are to be received to-morrow at eleven, and preparations are ordered, regardless of expense. In the House itself there are to be "three chairs" for them, with "elbows and footstools." Further, it is ordered that the Council of State do look after "hangings" for the reception-room. And that three members of the "aristocracy," my Lord Salisbury, Sir Henry Mildmay, and Sir John Danvers, "do attend the Ambassadors from their Lordships' lodging to the Parliament's House;" for, though the House of Peers is abolished, so are not titles. On the morrow, accordingly (Friday, the 19th), between ten and eleven, their Lordships appear in the Parliament's House; the Sergeant-at-Arms with his mace bringing them in. "So soon as the Lords Ambassadors were entered, they uncovered themselves." When they arrived at the bar, "Mr. Speaker and the Members uncovered themselves and stood up." Then they went to their three chairs, "on the north side of the House," and which, we are particularly informed, were "placed upon a Turkey carpet." Presently, the "Lord Cattz did, in an eloquent oration in the Latin tongue, declare the substance of their embassy." To whom Mr. Speaker thus: "My Lords, I shall, according to the course of the Parliament of England, make report unto them of what your Lordships have now delivered." Whereon the conference is broken up, and it is solemnly ordered by the Honourable House that the aforesaid three members of the aristocracy "do dine with the Lords Ambassadors of the States-General."

Here we are at Christmas week, the last week of 1651, surely Honourable Gentlemen will take a holiday or two? Not at all. Coming home on Christmas-day, Whitlocke solemnly records in his Journal, "that the House sat this day;" and his last entry of the year is that "the House sat constantly all the time of Christmas." *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*,—since Archbishop Laud's time. But with all this sitting and voting what is there doing towards a settlement of the nation? What is there doing in the three matters which most occupy the public mind out of doors,—Reform of the Law, Reform of the Church, and Financial Reform? As to Law Reform, some attempt is to be made by means of a "Commission." The day after Christmas (Friday the 26th) the House unanimously votes an order, "that it be referred to persons out of the house to take into consideration what inconveniences there are in the law, and how the mischiefs that grow from the delays, the chargeableness and the irregularities in the proceedings in the law may be prevented, and the speediest way to reform the same; and to present their opinion to such committee as the Parliament shall appoint." And a Committee is appointed forthwith, with the Lord General Cromwell in it, Lieutenant General Fleetwood, Major General Harrison, Whitlocke, and the flower of the House: Sir Harry Vane one of the Commissioners to Scotland, is probably by this time near the border. As to Church Reform, that is a difficult matter, and little way is being made. On Christmas-day, Mr. Speaker receives on this subject from a Gentleman of Hereford a letter of a very angry and peremptory kind, on the Gospel in South Wales, its preachers and its not-preachers. This Hereford correspondent speaks out plainly against the treatment that is being bestowed on certain Church Reformers in his neighbourhood—"Godly gentlemen that are intrusted in that heavenly business of South Wales"—but are hindered because that "so many rat-catchers do lie in London to entrap these goodly men's actions in this work"—it is to be

hoped that these "rat-catchers" are not Honourable Gentlemen. The Hereford complainant even demands that the whole tithe of the country should be collected into one Treasury, half of it to go to the support of godly ministers (for the "voluntary principle" was unknown to our Puritan forefathers)—while the other half it is obscurely hinted should go to defray the general charges of the State—here is an "appropriation clause" with a vengeance! Lastly, as to Financial Reform, Honourable Gentlemen seem to be altogether neglecting it, and only intent on providing themselves with good places. Thus on the last day of the year, it was resolved that there should be two Treasurers of War, and that they should be paid by fixed salaries, and not by a percentage;—which is certainly a step in advance. But would it not be well, considering the many places of trust and emolument held by Honourable Gentlemen that the new Treasurers should be persons not members of the House? Surely. Not so thinks the Honourable House, however, which by a majority of thirty-one to twenty-seven decides that the new Treasurers may be members of the House. The tellers for the majority are Colonel Sydney (the famous Algeron) and Sir William Masham; for the minority, Lord Grey of Groby and Colonel Marten. It is their last act this year and bodes ill for them. Meanwhile "out of doors," men's hopes of Reform are centred in the Lord General. "His excellency the Lord General Cromwell is meditating of a way for the ease and freedom of the people from the heavy burden of Taxes, Excise, &c. An acceptable piece of service worthy to eternize his name to all posterity;"* or at least, Mr. Editor! to commend him to the people who have to pay said taxes.

4. When a political settlement of the nation is debated, those Lawyers and Trimmers who wish for a mildly monarchical form of Government are apt to point to the young Duke of Gloucester, as a prince who has never been in arms against the people—a fact which imparts some interest to him, otherwise uninteresting. Accordingly, the purport of a letter from the Isle of Wight (where the young Duke is), dated 15th December, and from an intelligent newspaper-correspondent, is worth the giving: "That the young titular Duke of Gloucester is recovered of his late sickness, and desires to devote himself to a studious life. He is too melancholy, and very much inclining to deep sighs and heavy groans. God," adds the pious correspondent, "God preserve the elect." This is from the south: here is an item of intelligence from Bristol, in the west. The vessel with the corpse of the late Lord-Deputy Ireton arrived there on the 17th—whereon "a boat with a tilt over it, and covered with black," was sent to receive the honoured remains, which, when landed, were placed in a "hearse of velvet." Then the Magistrates and Council, with a great concourse of populace and soldiery, solemnly escorted it to the Castle, and, on its arrival there, "the great guns were discharged." It was not much this, the Bristol correspondent hints, but "as much as could be done in so short a time;" however, when the corse leaves for London, the Bristol people are to do better. From Scotland, the news is favourable; Argyle in the west, and Huntly in the east, both "coming in," and the English newspaper-correspondents boast that they have "got further north than ever did Julius Cæsar,"—their education having been neglected. A new year is come, and with it a new struggle—The Army versus Honourable Gentlemen.

F. ESPINASSE.

SCIENCE.

The Cosmical Force. By WILLIAM LEITHHEAD. Whittaker.

THE Author of this volume is an author, who, in his declining years has fallen into distress, and his friends have published this volume in hope that it will bring him that most welcome of all assistance, the deserved fruit of his own labours. The work might well rest on its own merits. It is a laborious collection of facts in science, proving the existence of a cosmical force, or rather perhaps of a vital principle, by which all organic existence is sustained. The author has not thrust forward any conjectures of his own, he has simply put together facts in nature, and the views of the best authorities in science, and thus has conveyed an amount of curious information such as we have seldom, if ever, before seen condensed within the same number of pages. Not only would a purchaser be doing a charitable act, but he would be serving himself.

* *Faithful Scout*, 19th December.

HISTORY.

A History of British India. By CHARLES MACFARLANE, Author of "A History of the French Revolution," "Life of the Duke of Wellington," &c. &c. London: Routledge and Co. 1852.

HISTORY may be written in various ways. There is the mere narrative history or chronicle, where events are simply stated, and prominent deeds related, without any comment on the part of the author—the reader being left to discover the lesson they teach for himself. In contradistinction to this, there is the philosophical history, where the most wonderful events, the greatest actions, and the most remarkable characters, serve only as texts whereon the author may hang his various speculations in political and moral science. The first style is of the nature of the epic, the last of the philosophical treatise. But in these latter days a new school of historians has arisen, whom we may be permitted to designate the pictorial. Not content with a mere simple detail of events, they have sought to fill up the historical outline by representing to the imagination of the reader the manners and spirit of the Past, by making it, as it were, arise from its tomb, cast aside the shroud of ages, and stand before the mind of the Present not a mere shapeless, lifeless mummy, but a breathing, moving form, instinct with life and character. And this the historian effects not by means of adding or inventing anything, but solely by that power, in the first place, of vividly realising ideas so that they are to his mind as clear and distinct as material things and visible events; and, in the second place, of painting them so that the image on the mind of the writer may be palpably transferred to that of the reader. That which history, written in this style, loses in majesty and simplicity, it gains in variety and richness. If it be less dignified, it is more interesting.

There are, however, of course many historians who unite in a measure the characteristics of all the classes described above, and the works of such are, perhaps, the most entirely satisfactory.

There are, also, two aspects in which history may be treated by any of the aforesaid classes. A history may be either a history of the governors or of the governed. It may be the description of the acts of kings and councils, and warriors and conspicuous men, or it may be the story of a people's progress—the veritable narrative of a nation's life. And this is assuredly what all history ought to be. Still there are some nations which hardly furnish subject-matter for history of this last and best kind, and India is pre-eminently one of these. Where there has been no progress, there can be no history.

The Indian people, their manners, customs, religion, science, have hardly made any advance since the invasion of ALEXANDER the Great. Their history is but the history of the various rulers and dynasties by whom they have been subjugated. They have for ages existed in a state of moral and intellectual crystallization, and the great mental electricity which shall force into action this inert mass has hardly yet begun to operate. This is quite as true of the history of British India, as it is of Hindoo or Mohammedan India. A history of British India ought, properly speaking, to be called a history of the British Dominion in India.

Mr. MACFARLANE's work belongs to the first class of historical writings described at the commencement of our article. It is a narrative of events, interspersed, however, with short remarks and opinions upon men and things. The proper way, however, to measure our author's success is to compare it with his endeavour. Mr. MACFARLANE's endeavour, he tells us himself, has been "to give a clear and concise sketch of the great events of our Indian history, without embarrassing the reader with episodes or minor facts, and without entering into political discussion, or any other species of controversy." He informs us, also, that "in order that the volume might be compact, and fit for the portmanteau of the traveller, or the bullock-trunk of the young Indian officer (who always finds it difficult to carry large books about with him), I have tried to avoid the use of a single superfluous word."

Such have been Mr. MACFARLANE's objects, and we are bound to say that in them he has attained success. His work forms a thick, handsome, but perfectly portable volume, while the type and paper are unexceptionable. The style of the work is concise, perspicuous, and to the purpose. Altogether, we have not met with a better compendium of the history of British affairs in

the East. We have little doubt that it will be found useful not only by the student at Haileybury or Addiscombe, but by the general reader, to whom a compendious account of the progress of our Empire in the Eastern world was certainly a desideratum. If we were to suggest an improvement in the arrangement of the work, it would be a table of contents for each chapter. There is an alphabetical index of names at the end of the volume, but this, though useful, nay requisite, by no means supersedes the necessity for a table of contents.

A work such as this, of course, from its very nature, affords little matter for extraction. As a specimen of the style, however, we subjoin a summary of the character of WARREN HASTINGS:

He had been a benefactor to the people of Bengal, who always regarded him with warm good-will, and who had conceived a romantic or superstitious admiration of his prestige or fortune, of his commanding yet conciliating manners, of the splendour and pomp with which for state purposes he always surrounded himself. The natives, indeed, regarded him in no other light than that of their sovereign, and not a few shed tears at the thought of losing him. As to the civil servants of the company, many of them owed to him their appointments or promotions, and all having frequently been brought into close contact with him had been impressed by his commanding ability and marvellous rapidity in the despatch of business; but the enthusiastic admiration and affection of the army for a mere civilian was more extraordinary. They had been won by Hastings' original and bold military conceptions at the commencement of the war, by the flattering confidence he always reposed in the troops, and by the honour and distinction with which he treated them on all proper occasions. Thus, about this time, when the corps of Colonel Pearse which performed the memorable march from Calcutta to Madras, and which now returned after an absence of five years, reduced from 5,000 to 2,000 sepoy, he heaped every distinction upon them; he visited them in their camp; he conversed with men and officers; he told them that they had done wonders; he examined their accoutrements and arms which had been proved in many battles, as well with veteran French as with native Indian troops, and he passed the corps in review. Dressed in a plain blue coat, and with his head uncovered, he rode along the lines, producing as much excitement and enthusiasm as the most successful of generals could have done, though attended by all that dazzles and delights the eyes of soldiers, or all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war. One of his last public acts was the issuing of a general order to the Bengal army, expressing in forcible language his sense of its past services, and affirming (what I have already quoted), that there are no difficulties which the true spirit of military enterprise is not capable of surmounting. It was this conduct that endeared Hastings as much to the army as to the other branches of the service. The dark faces of the sepoy looked darker at his departure. Veterans scarred with wounds were seen weeping, and voices which meant to shout broke down into a feeble note and a wailing.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Arctic Searching Expedition. A Journal of a Boat Voyage, through Rupert's Land and the Arctic Sea, in Search of the Discovery Ships under the command of Sir John Franklin. With an Appendix of the Physical Geography of North America. By Sir JOHN RICHARDSON, C.B., F.R.S., Inspector of Naval Hospitals and Fleets, &c. &c. In 2 volumes. By Authority. London.

Personal Memoirs of a Residence of Thirty Years with the Indian Tribes on the American Frontiers; with brief Notices of Passing Events, Facts and Opinions, A.D. 1812 to A.D. 1842. By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

Trade and Travels in the Gulf of Guinea, Western Africa; with an Account of the Manners, &c. of its Inhabitants. By J. SMITH. London.

Recollections of Manila and the Philippines, during 1848, 1849, and 1850. By ROBERT MAC MICKING, Esq. London.

The Ansayri; with Travels in the Further East, in 1850-1851. By Lieut. the Hon. F. WALPOLE, R.N. London.

ALREADY there is another formidable pile of new books in this popular department of literature, and from the continuous stream with which they are poured into the market by the publishers, we presume that sufficient purchasers are found, although we confess ourselves perplexed to discover whence they come. Books of this class are

rarely bought by individuals; they are only partially patronized by the circulating libraries. A sale of less than three hundred copies is attended with positive loss. Who, then, are the patrons? Clearly the book clubs. These societies, of which every village boasts one, and every country town three or four, are the sole supporters of publications in the department now under review. The Legislature shows much anxiety to ascertain what are the actual number of Literary Institutions, as a test of educational progress. But everybody appears to have forgotten the far greater number of book clubs, by which the love of reading is at once promoted and gratified, and which, covering the face of the land, are far more influential for the purposes of education than the public reading-rooms. Impressed with the importance of these societies, and having the means, through the universal diffusion of THE CRITIC over the United Kingdom, there being not a single town and scarcely a hamlet into which it does not go, as its list of subscribers proves, we purpose in a short time to collect the statistics of book clubs and circulating libraries, that some better information may be had than we at present possess of the number and consequent influence of these associations upon the character and diffusion of literature. With the aid of our readers, most of whom are members of some book club, we hope to be enabled to collect a mass of valuable facts as to the direction of the public taste, and the amount of reading in the country generally, such as is not now attainable, but which will be of essential service to the friends of education, to authors and to publishers.

The reviewer of *Voyages and Travels* has necessarily an easy duty. He can do no more than give to his readers a short statement of their subjects or an opinion of the composition (which, in works intended for information, is a secondary consideration), and a few extracts from which the reader will form a better judgment of the work than could be conveyed by the critic. This is all that the member of the book club requires to enable him to determine what he shall order or recommend. Beyond this, the present amusement to be derived from selected extracts will embrace the whole duty of a Literary Journal in recording the progress of this numerous class of publications. Such, at least, is our design, and with this explanation of it we turn to the pile before us.

Sir JOHN RICHARDSON was despatched on an exploring expedition in search for Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. He was directed to proceed to Canada, to cross the Hudson's Bay territory, and, descending the Mackenzie River, to advance along the coast of America to the Coppermine River, with a discretion to search in either direction there, and even to extend it to another year should circumstances permit. The ice compelled the abandonment of the scheme, and these volumes contain the history of his adventures.

But they are rather scientific than narrative, so that, if they have more permanent value, they have less present interest for the reader who is looking for amusement. The exciting incidents are few, and there is very little of novelty either in the story or the scientific facts and observations. The truth is, we are beginning to tire of Arctic voyages and Arctic regions. They are becoming as familiar to the imagination as Switzerland to the eye. This, however, is properly an official publication, designed for the permanent preservation of all such valuable results as the Expedition has produced, and not for the amusement of the sofa-lounger. We gather a few of the most interesting passages:

THEIR WINTER DWELLINGS.

Our winter dwelling, though dignified, according to custom, by the title of "the fort," had no defensive works whatever, not even the stockade which usually surrounds a trading post. It was a simple log-house, built of trunks of trees laid over one another, and mortised into the upright posts of the corners, doorways, and windows. The roof had considerable slope: it was formed of slender trees laid closely side by side, resting at the top on a ridge-pole, and covered with loam to the depth of six or eight inches. A man standing on the outside could touch the eaves with his hand. Well-tempered loam or clay was beat into the spaces left in the walls by the roundness of the logs, both on the outside and inside, and as this cracked in drying, it was repeatedly coated over, for the space of two months, with a thin mixture of clay and water, until the walls became nearly impervious to the air. The rooms were floored and ceiled with deal. Massive

structures of boulder stones and loam formed the chimney-stacks, and the capacious fire-places required three or four armfuls of fire-wood, cut into billets three feet long, to fill them.

The building was forty feet long by fourteen wide, having a dining-hall in the centre, measuring sixteen by fourteen, and the remaining space divided into a store-room and three sleeping apartments. A kitchen was added to the back of the house, and a small porch to the front. Mr. Rae's room and mine had glazed windows, glass for the purpose having been brought up from York Factory. The other windows were clothed with deer-skin parchment, which admitted a subdued light. Two houses for the men stood on the east, and a storehouse on the west, the whole forming three sides of a square, which opened to the south. The tallest and straightest tree that could be discovered within a circuit of three miles was brought in, and being properly dressed, was planted in the square for a flag-post; and near it a small observatory was built for holding magnetic instruments.

Of the buildings which Dease and Simpson erected, Mr. Bell, on his arrival in the middle of August, found only part of the men's house and a stack of chimneys standing; the others having, through the carelessness of the Indians, been destroyed by fire. Our predecessors had cut down most of the timber within a mile of the house, and what we needed had consequently to be brought in from a wider circle. A part of Mr. Bell's people were constantly engaged with the fisheries, but the others had worked so diligently, that the buildings were all covered in on our arrival, and the flooring, ceiling, and partitions were shortly afterwards completed. Two of the sappers and miners, Mackay and Brodie, carpenters by trade, were employed to make tables and chairs; and Bruce, the guide, acted as general architect, and was able and willing to execute any kind of joiner's work that was needed. Two men were constantly employed as sawyers; four as cutters of fire-wood, each of them having an allotted task of providing a cord of wood daily; others were occupied in drawing it home on sledges; and four men were continually engaged in fishing. On the Sunday no labour was performed, the fishing party came in, and all were dressed in their best clothes. Prayers were said in the hall, and a sermon read to all that understood English; and some of the Canadians, though they were Roman Catholics, usually attended. James and Thomas Hope, who were Cree Indians, having been educated at Norway House as Protestants, and taught to read and write, were regular attendants; and James Hope's eldest son, a boy about seven years of age, who had already begun to read the Scriptures, frequently recognised passages in the lessons that he had previously read.

These are curious:

THE SUN IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

The power of the sun this day in a cloudless sky was so great, that Mr. Rae and I were glad to take shelter in the water while the crews were engaged on the portages. The irritability of the human frame is either greater in these Northern latitudes, or the sun, notwithstanding its obliquity, acts more powerfully upon it than near the Equator; for I have never felt its direct rays so oppressive within the Tropics as I have experienced them to be on some occasions in the high latitudes. The luxury of bathing at such times is not without alloy; for, if you choose the mid-day, you are assailed in the water by the *tabani*, who draw blood in an instant with their formidable lancets; and if you select the morning or evening, then clouds of thirsty mosquitoes, hovering around, fasten on the first part that emerges. Leeches also infest the still waters, and are prompt in their aggressions.

THE EFFECTS OF DRYNESS.

In consequence of the extreme dryness of the atmosphere in winter, most articles of English manufacture made of wood, horn, or ivory, brought to Rupert's Land, are shrivelled, bent, and broken. The handles of razors and knives, combs, ivory scales, and various other things kept in the warm rooms, are damaged in this way. The human body also becomes visibly electric from the dryness of the skin. One cold night I rose from my bed, and, having lighted a lantern, was going out to observe the thermometer, with no other clothing than my flannel night-dress, when, on approaching my hand to the iron latch of the door, a distinct spark was elicited. Friction of the skin at almost all times in winter produced the electric odour.

ARCHITECTURE OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

As the days lengthen, the villages are emptied of their inhabitants, who move seaward on the ice to the seal-hunt. Then comes into use a marvellous system of architecture, unknown among the rest of the American nations. The fine pure snow has by that time acquired, under the action of strong winds and hard frosts, sufficient coherence to form an admirable

light building material, with which the Eskimo mason erects most comfortable dome-shaped houses. A circle is first traced on the smooth surface of the snow; and the slabs for raising the walls are cut from within, so as to clear a space down to the ice, which is to form the floor of the dwelling, and whose evenness was previously ascertained by probing. The slabs requisite to complete the dome, after the interior of the circle is exhausted, are cut from some neighbouring spot. Each slab is neatly fitted to its place by running a fletching-knife along the joint, when it instantly freezes to the wall, the cold atmosphere forming a most excellent cement. Crevices are plugged up, and seams accurately closed by throwing a few shovelfuls of loose snow over the fabric. Two men generally work together in raising a house, and the one who is stationed within cuts a low door, and creeps out when his task is over. The walls being only three or four inches thick, are sufficiently translucent to admit a very agreeable light, which serves for ordinary domestic purposes; but if more be required a window is cut, and the aperture fitted with a piece of transparent ice. The proper thickness of the walls is of some importance. A few inches excludes the wind, yet keeps down the temperature so as to prevent dripping from the interior. The furniture—such as seats, tables, and sleeping-places—is also formed of snow, and a covering of folded reindeer-skin or seal-skin renders them comfortable to the inmates. By means of ante-chambers and porches, in form of long, low galleries, with their openings turned to leeward, warmth is insured in the interior; and social intercourse is promoted by building the houses contiguously, and cutting doors of communication between them, or by erecting covered passages. Store-houses, kitchens, and other accessory buildings, may be constructed in the same manner, and a degree of convenience gained which would be attempted in vain with a less plastic material. These houses are durable, the wind has little effect on them, and they resist the thaw until the sun acquires very considerable power.

EVAPORATION.

The rapid evaporation of both snow and ice in the winter and spring, long before the action of the sun has produced the slightest thaw or appearance of moisture, is made evident to residents in the high latitudes by many facts of daily occurrence; and I may mention that the drying of linen furnishes a familiar one. When a shirt, after being washed, is exposed in the open air to a temperature of 40 or 50 degrees below zero, it is instantly rigidly frozen, and may be broken if violently bent. If agitated when in this condition by a strong wind, it makes a rustling noise like theatrical thunder. In an hour or two, however, or nearly as quickly as it would do if exposed to the sun in the moist climate of England, it dries and becomes limber.

Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT'S *Memoirs of a Residence among the Indians* comes to us from the United States. So long ago as the year 1818, he embarked on the Alleghany River to explore the Valley of the Mississippi, and he has continued his researches down to the present time, his studies being more particularly directed to the customs, manners, religion and characteristics of the Indian Tribes, of whom he will preserve the latest and most complete records before their final disappearance, the period of which cannot be far remote, and might even now almost be calculated. His memoirs are a huge miscellany of facts, thrown together with little skill, the materials for a book rather than the formal structure which the title would imply. We take two passages from it.

DO INDIANS SWEAR?

Many things the Indians may be accused of, but of the practice of swearing they cannot. I have made many inquiries into the state of their vocabulary, and do not, as yet, find any word which is more bitter or reproachful than *matchi annennoash*, which indicates simply, bad-dog. Many of their nouns have, however, adjective inflections, by which they are rendered derogative. They have terms to indicate cheat, liar, thief, murderer, coward, fool, lazy man, drunkard, babbler. But I have never heard of an imprecation or oath. The genius of the language does not seem to favour the formation of terms to be used in oaths or for purposes of profanity. It is the result of the observation of others, as well as my own, to say, that an Indian cannot curse.

Here is a sketch of

INDIAN LIFE AND SCENERY.

Accounts from the Indians represented the falls of the Tacquimenon River of Lake Superior as presenting picturesque features which were eminently worthy a visit. Confined to the house during the winter, I thought an excursion proper. I determined to take the earliest opportunity, when the ice had left the lake, and before the turmoil of the summer's business began, to

execute the wish. For this purpose I took a canoe, with a crew of Chippewa Indians, with whom I was well acquainted, and who were familiar with the scene. I provisioned myself well, and took along my office interpreter. I found this arrangement was one which was agreeable to them, and it put them perfectly at their ease. They travelled along in the Indian manner, talking and laughing as they pleased with each other, and with the interpreter. Nothing could have been better suited to obtain an insight into their manners and opinions. One of their most common topics of talk was the flight of birds, particularly the carnivorous species, to which they addressed talks as they flew. This subject, I perceived, connected itself with the notions of war and the enemy's country.

On one occasion after we had entered Lake Superior, and were leisurely paddling, not remote from the shore, one of the Indians fired at and wounded a duck. The bird could not rise so as to fly, but swam ashore, and, by the time we reached land, was completely missing. A white man would have been nonplussed. Not so the Indian. He saw a fallen tree, and carefully looked for an orifice in the under side, and, when he found one, thrust in his hand and drew out of it the poor wounded bird. Frightened and in pain, it appeared to roll its eyeballs completely round.

By their conversation and familiar remarks, I observed that they were habitually under the influence of their peculiar mythology and religion. They referred to classes of *monelos*, which are spirits, in a manner which disclosed the belief that the woods and waters were replete with their agency. On the second day we reached and entered the Tacquimenon River. It carried a deep and strong current to the foot of the first falls, which they call Fairy Rocks. This Indian word denotes a species of little men or fairies, which, they say, love to dwell on rock. The falls are broken into innumerable cascades, which give them a peculiarly sylvan air. From the brink of these falls to the upper falls, a distance of about six miles, the channel of the river is a perfect torrent, and would seem to defy navigation. But before I was well aware of it, they had the canoe in it, with a single man with a long pole in the bow and stern. I took my seat between the centre bars, and was in admiration at the perfect composure and *sang froid* with which these two men managed it—now shooting across the stream to find better water, and always putting in their poles exactly at the right instant, and singing some Indian cantata all the while. The upper falls at length burst on our view on rounding a point. The river has a complete drop of some forty feet, over a formation of sandstone. The water forms a complete curtain. There is nothing to break the sheet, or intercept it, till it reaches the deep water below. They said there was some danger of the canoe's being drawn under the sheet by a kind of suction. This stream in fact, geologically considered, crosses through, and falls over, the high ridge of sandstone rock which stretches from point Iroquois to the Pictured Rocks. I took sketches of both the upper and lower falls.

Being connected by marriage with an educated and intelligent lady, who is descended by her mother's side from the former ruler of the Chippewa nation—a man of renown—I was received, on this trip, with a degree of confidence and cordiality by the Indians, which I had not expected. I threw myself, naked handed, into their midst, and was received with a noble spirit of hospitality and welcome. And the incidents of this trip revealed to me some of the most interesting scenes of Indian domestic life.

Mr. SMITH's unpretending little volume is a rude but faithful picture, by a trading captain, who has made frequent visits to the shores of Africa, of the inhabitants, with whom he appears to have held friendly intercourse, and of whom, by reason of these opportunities, he is enabled to form a more accurate judgment than those who make a business of writing books. Indeed we have not seen any work into which so much information upon this subject is compressed as in these unpolished pages.

The conclusion to be drawn from his narrative is, that Slavery in Africa is not produced by the foreign slave trade, but exists as a native institution, and in a much more hideous form than elsewhere. But the cruelties practised upon the slaves are terrible, and their exportation is positive mercy. His opinion of the intellectual powers of the Negro is much more favourable than the estimate usually formed of them; he considers them to possess capacities, which happier circumstances might turn to good account, and that their civilization is practicable. Their sharpness is indeed remarkable. It appears that Negro debtors are quite as loath as debtors in England to pay their debts. But the manner of dealing with them is somewhat different:

A NEGRO DEBTOR.

Occasionally you are obliged to man your boats with

white men, and proceed a few miles up the creeks during the night, and wait for canoes coming down with their cargoes, and seize those which belong to your debtors, and tow them to the ship. I have seen canoe-men so alarmed, on pulling suddenly upon them, as to jump overboard and make for the bush, supposing that they were surprised by an enemy; but as soon as they found we were Englishmen, they returned. This is dangerous, both on account of the frequency of accidents and risk to health. I have returned on board in a morning, after laying out in a boat all night, so disfigured with being stung with mosquitoes, as hardly to be recognisable. When all other means fail, your last resource is to watch your debtor till he comes on the river to visit some ship, if you cannot induce him to come on board, and make him prisoner. Then a palaver commences in earnest. Locked up with him in the trade-room, he first assails you with a volley of abusive epithets, and perhaps threatens to kill you the first time you go on shore. Above all things, you must keep yourself cool, and not exhibit the slightest symptom of fear. Finding that blustering and teasing will not induce you to let him go, he goes on another tack. Coaxing, flattery, and "sweet-mouth" (fair promises) are equally unavailing; he cannot be allowed to leave till the last farthing is paid. He then tries to excite your sympathy by tears, and debases himself by falling upon his knees before you to intreat you to let him go, and he will pay you every "flint" yesterday, or to-morrow—the terms are synonymous. His wives, children, and slaves, will laugh at and despise him; he will lose caste with his countrymen, and credit with white men. When he finds that nothing he can say will avail, and that he must pay his debts before being released, he will perhaps burst into laughter, and tell you, you are all "same devil," and order the head slave that accompanies him to go to the beach and bring you off your due. A few hours after a palaver of this kind, I have gone ashore, and have been treated in the kindest manner possible, without the disagreeable circumstance having been alluded to.

Certainly we were surprised to read this account of

NEGRO TRADERS.

Few things astonish a white man so much on a first visit to this place, on a trading expedition, as the amount of goods solicited by, and intrusted to, this people. With the utmost confidence, a fellow nearly naked will ask you for three, or four, or even five thousand pounds' worth of goods on credit, and individuals are often trusted to that amount. I have trusted more than one man goods, the returns of which were worth between two and three thousand pounds. Not one in ten, however, that asks for trust, is worthy of credit to the amount of so many farthings. Some few of the chiefs are really splendid merchants. Hard in marking their bargains, but strict in their payments, they approach very near in their commercial transactions to their brethren of Europe and the civilized parts of Asia and America. And they go about their business in a business-like manner. "Captain A. or B.," a chief will say, "I want some trust." If you know that, in the commercial sense of the word, your customer is a good man, you will perhaps ask him when he means to pay you for any goods he may purchase, and what are his resources; and he is sure to preface anything he may have to say by asking, if he has not a good head, and knows how to turn any goods with which you may intrust him to good account; and if he has not a good name among white men, and if he does not always meet his payments. Having admitted all that he says of himself to be true, he will inform you that he has so many canoes, and so many slaves to man them, that he has several clever slaves to take command of the canoes and trade the goods in the interior, and that the only thing he wants is money (goods) to send to market. Trusting to any great amount, or even at all, depends entirely upon circumstances. If a trader have a good name and a large house, that is, numerous wives and slaves—pretty good criteria of his wealth—he may be trusted. But some of the young aspirants to commercial fame may as safely be trusted as great chiefs. To acquire wealth, he knows he must cultivate a good name, which makes him attentive to business and prompt in his payments. These men are easier to treat with than the wealthier merchants.

Priestcraft appears to be, in Africa as elsewhere, the great foe of intellectual progress. The Negro is the slave of the Priest, and superstition the chain that binds him.

NEGRO SUPERSTITION.

Another great difficulty in the way of acquiring or imparting information, or of inducing them to adopt our more civilized customs, is the almost unbounded influence of the priesthood, who exercise the power of life and death to a fearful extent. For a very trifling infringement of their ecclesiastical laws (which are so blended with civil laws, that it is an easy matter to find occasion of offence), a chief is ordered to proceed some

four or five months' journey, thither and back, into the interior, to consult the Grand Ju-ju, as he is called, to the chief's great hindrance to business, and at no trifling expense and trouble. And what is worse than all, should, he not come down with a handsome donceur, in the shape of English goods to both the priests at home and the Grand Ju-ju in the interior, he need never expect to find his way home again. Innovation is dreaded by the priests. They have wit enough to know that if a slight advancement only in civilization were made, it would rapidly progress, and their priestly power and arrogance would speedily be thrown off. I will just relate a little circumstance in illustration of their disinclination to adopt European customs. Observing a large guano crawl out of a hole in the mud floor of a king's sitting-room, while conversing with him about a *dash* or present I was to take him next voyage, I offered to bring him a quantity of flags, or bricks, to lay the floor. He seemed pleased with the proposal, and after musing a short time, replied, he would consult the priest and tell me the result. On calling next day he informed me that Ju-ju would not allow it. This is a small matter in itself, but sufficiently indicative of the power the priests exercise over even their kings. Being subject to rheumatism, he is very kindly permitted to use a piece of board as a footstool, to protect him from the damp, during the rainy season.

Mr. MAC MICKING is a Scotch merchant who, having resided for three years in the Philippines, for the purpose of trading, has transmitted the results of his personal observations, with such information as he could procure from reliable sources, for the benefit of his countrymen, to whom this great group of islands, with its geography, productions and capacities for commerce, is very little known.

After a brief account of the discovery of the Philippines by MAGELLAN, and of their subsequent history, he describes their physical aspect, their vegetable, animal, and mineral products, the manners and characters of their inhabitants, their government and commerce, mingling this more profitable information with sketches of scenery and narratives of personal adventure, field sports and exploring expeditions, which serve to attract the general reader whom the more instructive portion will not interest.

The following is a favourable picture of

THE PHILIPPINE INDIANS.

The most noticeable traits in the Philippine Indians appear to be their hospitality, goodnature, and *bon-homme* which very many of them have. Their tempers are quick; but, like all of that sort, after effervescing, soon subside into quiet again. Very frequently have I been invited to enter their houses in the country, when loitering about during the heat of the sun, under the protection of an immense and thick *sombrero* which prevented me suffering much from the exposure; and on going into one of them, after the host or hostess had accommodated me with a seat on the *banco* of bamboo, a *cigarillo*, or the *buyo*, which is universally chewed by them, and composed of the betel nut and lime spread over an envelope of leaf, such as nearly all Asiatics use, has been offered by the handsome, though swarthy, hands of the hostess or of a grown-up daughter; or, if their rice was cooking at the time, often have I been invited to share it, and have sometimes so made a most excellent and hearty meal, using the natural aid of the fingers in place of a spoon or other of the customary aids for eating. After eating they always wash their hands and mouth, so cleanly are their habits. So long as any white man behaves properly towards them, and treats them as human beings should be treated, their character will evince many good points; but should they be beaten or abused without a cause, or for something they do not understand, as they but too frequently are when composing the crews of ships, the masters of which are seldom able to speak to them in their own language or in Spanish; who can blame them if the knife is drawn from its sheath, and their own arm avenges the maltreatment of some brutal shipmaster or his mates for the wrong they have suffered at their hands? In all I have seen or had to do with them they have never appeared as aggressors, and it has only been when the white men, despising their dark skins, have ventured on unjustifiable conduct, that I have heard of their hands being raised to revenge it. When they know that they are in the wrong, however, should the harshest measures be used towards them, I have never known or heard of their having had recourse to the knife, and I have frequently seen them suffer very severe bodily chastisement for very slight causes of offence. They are easily kept in order by gentleness, but have spirit enough to resent ill-treatment if undeserved. Not long ago an instance of the kind happened to a person who has the character of being a violent and irascible man. He one day fell into a passion about something or other, and fastened his ill-nature and

passion on an inoffensive servant who chanced to be near him at the time, and ended some abuse by ordering the man to go into a room, where he followed him, and after locking the door and putting the key into his pocket, took up a riding switch and began to flog the servant, who bore it for a while, until, losing his temper completely, he seized his master by the throat, and taking the whip from him, administered with it quite as much castigation as he had himself received. Their general character is that of a good-natured and merry people, strongly disposed to enjoy the present, and caring little for the future.

Here is a

CURIOUS CUSTOM.

It is the custom at Manila for any respectably-dressed European passing by a house where music and dancing are going on, to be permitted to join the party, although he may be a perfect stranger to every one there; and should any one do so, after having made his bow to the master of the house, and said some words, of course about the liberty he was taking, and his fondness for music and dancing, &c., he is always welcomed by him, and is at perfect liberty to ask any lady present to dance; nor is she likely to refuse him, as her doing so would scarcely be considered well-bred.

Fiscal ingenuity might have been supposed to be exhausted in England in devising subjects for taxation; but the most "heaven-born minister" among us never thought of such a scheme as the following:

THE CUSTOMS ON COLOURS.

In the colours and patterns of their dresses the natives are great dandies; the women, as usual, being more particular in those affairs than the men. Very seldom, indeed, does a native Indian or Mestiza beauty sport the same *sayas* for two gala days consecutively. And a very large proportion of their earnings are spent in self-adornment; their *tampipes* or wardrobes being very well supplied with clothes, all of them of different patterns. Blue and purple appear to be the colours most admired, because, although the tastes and caprices of the people may vary in an infinite degree as to the patterns or styles of their dresses, they do not differ much in their choice of the colours which compose them. A dark-complexioned beauty is never improved by a yellow dress; and any woman at all old or ugly looks hideous indeed when dressed in that colour. Apparently, the Government were not ignorant of this when they imposed a heavy duty on blue, purple, or white articles of dress, and allowed yellow and other colours disliked by the natives to come into the country on the payment of a less duty. They have even gone the length of allowing yellow cotton twist of foreign manufacture to be imported duty-free.

Truly this was very cunning of them—this apparent liberality to a foreign nation, ignorant that the colour would scarcely ever be used. Its affected moderation would most certainly tend to stop any complaints which might be made about the high duties imposed on our manufactures imported into the colony.

The Chinamen have spread themselves through the Philippines, and are everywhere the traders of the community. They occupy most of the shops in Manila, the proud Spaniards and their descendants despising commerce. This is a lively sketch of

A CHINAMAN'S SHOP.

The great object of the Chinese shopmen appears to be, to show the most varied and frequently miscellaneous collection of goods in the smallest possible space; as their shops, being for the most part not more than ten feet broad towards the street, leaves but little space besides the doorway to display the attractions of their wares, and every inch has to be made the most of by them. These China shopkeepers have nearly driven all competition, except with each other, out of the market; very few Mestizos or Spaniards being able to live on the small profits which the competition among themselves has reduced them to. A China shopkeeper generally makes his shop his home, all of them sleeping in those confined dens at night; from which, on opening their doors about five in the morning, as they usually do, a most noisome and pestiferous smell issues and is diffused through the streets. The Mestizos cannot do this, but must have a house to live in out of the profits of the shop; and the consequence has been, that when their shopkeeping profits could no longer do that, they have nearly all betaken themselves to other more suitable occupations, from which the energies of their Chinese rivals are less likely to drive them. The number of Chinamen in Manila and throughout the islands is very great, and nearly the whole provincial trade in manufactured goods is in their hands. Numerous traders of that nation have shops opened throughout the islands; their business being carried on by one of their own countrymen, generally the principal person of the concern, who remains resident at Manila, while his

various agents in the country keep him advised of their wants, to meet which he makes large purchases from the merchants, and forwards the same to his country friends. Besides having many shops in the provinces, each of these head men is generally in the habit of having a number of shops in Manila, sometimes upwards of a dozen being frequently all contiguous to one another; so that any one going into one of his shops and asking for something the price of which appears too dear, refuses it, and goes to the next shop, which probably belongs to the same man, and is likely to buy it, as he is apt to think—because they all ask the same price—that it cannot be got cheaper elsewhere, so gives the amount demanded for it, although it is probably very much too dear.

Contrast with this the picture of a day's existence of

A SPANISH EMPLOYEE.

As persons in the government service form the great proportion of the white population, a sketch of the habits of one of them may not be uninteresting; say those of an average officer of the Hacienda, for instance. He usually gets out of bed about six, or a little after, to enjoy the cool air of the morning, and sip his chocolate, with the aid of *broas*, without which he could scarcely manage to get through the day; he then dresses and drives to his office, where he remains till twelve o'clock, which hour finishes his official duties for the day. While in his office, the nature of his work is not very arduous, and does not appear to call into play any powers of the mind, as it appears to consist only in his remaining for about four hours in a cool and large room, generally seated at a table or desk, overlooking a number of native writers, occupied in making out and filling up forms which are required by the existing regulations for the government service. The Spaniard, however, has nothing to do with all that, only occasionally exerting himself so far as to sign his name, or merely to dash his *rubrica*, without taking the trouble to sign his name, to the papers presented to him by these native copyists; and should you enter his office, he generally appears to be just awaking from a nap, as he opens his eyes, and rouses himself to salute his visitor. At noon the public offices are closed, and he drives home to dine about one or two o'clock, after which, he generally sleeps till about five, for nearly all the Spanish residents take a long siesta. About that time of the day, he is awakened to dress and prepare for the *paseo* on the Calzada, and for the *tertulia* after it, at the house of some acquaintance; or, if he should by any chance happen to be without acquaintance, to saunter through the Chinamen's shops, admiring walking-canes, cravats, or waistcoat-pieces; and while so engaged, he is pretty sure to meet some companion for a gossip, or other amusement. After this, he sets off to sup at home, and to sleep till another day comes round, when the same routine must be gone through.

The *Ansayrii* is another name for the *Assassins*, and with recollections of the history of this tribe, who have given their name to our language as another designation for murder, we certainly anticipated from Mr. WALPOLE's narrative of a visit to them a great deal of new and curious information. Grievously were we disappointed. A more uninteresting, unsubstantial volume has seldom issued from the press. The only topic on which the author expatiates is the women, of whom he speaks very rapturously, and hints of success in winning their hearts wherever he appeared. He tells us that they are handsome, sometimes having light eyes and black hair, and sometimes dark eyes and light hair—a perplexing choice of loveliness, in the preference of which tastes will differ. Mr. WALPOLE, however, solved the problem by loving both.

We cannot recommend this very trashy book to any member of a Book Club.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

Clara Harrington. *A Domestic Tale*. In 3 vols. London: Colburn and Co.

Daughter Deborah. By the Author of "The Miser's Secret." In 3 vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

The Death Flag; or, the Irish Buccaneers. By Miss CRUMPE, Author of "Geraldine of Desmond." In 3 vols. London: Shoberl.

The Pirate of the Mediterranean; a Tale of the Sea. By WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON, Esq., Author of "The Prime Minister," &c. In 3 vols. London: Newby.

THE design of THE CRITIC is to convey to its readers just so much intelligence of the saying

and doings of the circles that compose the world of Literature, Art, and Science, at home and abroad, and such information of the progress of mind, as shown in books, pictures, engravings, music, discoveries and inventions, as not only must every educated person desire to possess, but the want of which is a positive inconvenience in polite society, where these are the usual topics of conversation. It is our endeavour to place the reader who dwells in the most remote part of the country upon an equality with the frequenter of the coteries of the metropolis in all this kind of intelligence; and to do so in the most agreeable manner—rather as a lively correspondent would write a familiar letter to a distant friend, giving him the current talk of the time, than in the grave and formal tone usually assumed by journalists. Hence it is that we do not profess systematically to devote a distinct review to every new book, but, selecting for this special regard such as have a peculiar interest or importance, either from the nature of the subject, or the excellence of the writing, or the reputation of the authors, we review the rest *in groups*, by which means we are enabled to inform the reader of all that is proceeding, with just so much of description of each as will enable him to form a judgment if it be a book with which he would desire to make a further acquaintance, as well as to compare its characteristics with the others of the same class.

Now, it would manifestly be impossible, even with the aid of our frequent double numbers, to devote a distinct article to each one of the many new novels that issue from the press, without trespassing upon columns claimed by other departments, of at least equal interest. But of our six thousand five hundred subscribers, probably six thousand at least are either members of a book-club, or subscribers to a circulating library, and they are necessarily desirous of being honestly guided in their choice of books to order in the one, or borrow from the other. Keeping in view this requirement of our readers, the design we have proposed with respect to THE NEW NOVELS is that which, in the last two or three numbers, we have endeavoured to carry out, and, we hope, to the contentment of the reader—namely, to range them in a group in the order in which they are sent by the publishers; and, having introduced the subject, with such commentaries upon the art of fiction as the occasion may suggest, to present a strictly impartial notice of each, in which the aim will be, so far as a reasonable brevity will permit, to enable the reader to determine for himself if it be sufficiently to his taste to tempt him to place it upon his list of books to be read.

We have found it necessary to give this explanation of our plan, because it has been misunderstood by some authors, who have imagined themselves to be slighted by being thus grouped with others of the same department of literature, instead of being reviewed alone. They will see that such an arrangement is essential to the comprehensive scheme of intelligence which it is the design of THE CRITIC to convey.

Clara Harrington is, beyond measure, the best of the new arrivals—remarkable for the freshness of its style, and the vigour of thought that pervades it. There is the same deficiency of invention in the plot which we have so often noticed as the greatest defect of English novelists; but it exhibits the spirit and life in the manner of telling the story, the want of which is the other great fault of our fictionists. *Clara Harrington* is founded on a fictitious marriage, an incident which has been thoroughly “used up,” and which has the further disadvantage of being too improbable for the credence even of the most romantic readers, as occurring in our own country and time, for it amounts almost to an impossibility. CLARA is an actress, whom one Lord ASHFORD, under the assumed name of MERTON, tricks into a false marriage, after having in vain assailed her virtue. On divers pretences, he prevails upon her to conceal their union. At last, growing tired of his toy, and ambition tempting him in another quarter, he avails himself of his fraud to treat the marriage with CLARA as void for illegality, and in fact it was, and marries another, whose condition was more in accordance with his own rank, but still maintaining the unfortunate CLARA, professing himself her husband, and keeping her in ignorance of his rank and recent union with another; his assumed name, by which alone she knows him, of course enabling him to support the deception. At last, however, the terrible fact comes to her knowledge. CLARA, with a noble spirit, spurns her betrayer,

and indignantly declines his proffers of an independence, resolving to live thenceforth by her own honest industry. Thus she struggles on, obtaining a livelihood by painting; and some of the most powerful and pathetic scenes of the story are found in the descriptions of her subsequent toils and difficulties, bravely endured in the consciousness of rectitude, and producing in her a peace of mind that is denied to her noble and wealthy betrayer.

His punishment, with remorse and repentance, occupy, with CLARA'S struggles, the conclusion of the story, and they are drawn with a delicate and truthful pencil. Indeed, the character of Lord ASHFORD is a portraiture of no ordinary merit, proving that in the author of this new novel we have an accession to the ranks of our novelists which promises much for future efforts, as experience shall impart aptitude in delineation. Here is the faculty for conceiving the new and the true in character, and ability to develop it naturally; there is only wanting practice to enable the writer to do so artistically, for, however genius may flatter itself that it is all-sufficient, it may be assured that art is necessary to its perfect expression, and art is never attainable without much practice and long experience. We esteem *Clara Harrington* much more for its promise than its performance, superior as is this latter to the ordinary novels of the season. Take a portrait or two:

LADY ASHFORD.

Lady Ashford had the constitutional Scotch bashfulness, though, of course, she was too well bred to indulge it; and was not without a slight, but very slight, taint of Scotch formality and awkwardness. She had, perhaps, less real feeling than Lord Ashford; but they knew nothing of each other's feelings in any way. They had never descended together into the depths of any emotion. They only lived on the surface of life, and went on in a straight undeviating track. She was extremely cold in manner, and never expressed pain on any subject. The greatest extent of manifestation she ever evinced was a momentary flush when Lord Ashford said severe and bitter things, which he was apt to do to his less favoured associates. He was never in the least degree unkind or harsh to her. She might have had one real feeling—a tenderness for her little girl, of five years old; but Lord Ashford so constantly thwarted all her plans of education, so took all the control out of her hand, that she was obliged to shelter herself in as much indifference as she could muster. She never attempted to oppose him; and this tended to increase the natural coldness of her manner.

MRS. DALTON.

Mrs. Dalton, Lady Ashford's sister, was remarkable for an acute perception of the ludicrous. She was perfectly unsparing of the feelings of any one whatever; not to be daunted herself; possessed of humour almost amounting to wit, and of a flow of talk, in a Scotch accent, which she purposely heightened and so managed as to make her appear the more piquant and original. She alone was enough to terrify any ordinary beginner in the art of conversation, and most mercilessly did she run down any unlucky aspirant who happened to do or say a foolish thing. The most audacious and impudent *roués* have been known to turn pale and falter if they chanced to feel her eye fixed on them. The result was, that between Lord Ashford's moroseness and Mrs. Dalton's satire, weak human nature was but ill at ease around that dinner-table and in that evening circle. Perhaps there was something chilling, too, in the very rooms themselves. Everything was in admirable taste, and perfectly correct and handsome; but how different was the effect of the whole to that of the little room where we first saw Clara! There was, indeed, no bad taste in the more splendid rooms, but there was no grace.

Daughter Deborah is a sort of semi-historical romance, the heroine being no less a personage than the daughter of the poet MILTON, who is wooed by one ABRAHAM CLARKE. The difficulties in the course of true love, which are essential to the conventional novel, arise from the assumption of A. CLARKE'S name and dress by a vagabond who does all sorts of evil deeds that are fathered upon ABRAHAM, for whom the poet, on that account, entertains a just aversion, and forbids his addresses. With the usual licence of romance, many other strange personages and unlikely incidents are introduced, out of which the author has woven, with some ability, a succession of scenes that produce, upon the whole, a readable romance, neither better nor worse than those usually supplied by the circulating library. The dedication of it to the Gentlemen of the Press, because they praised the author's former work, is certainly in exceedingly bad taste; but

we cannot subscribe to the wholesale condemnation with which the romance has been visited by a contemporary. There is little for positive praise in *Daughter Deborah*, but certainly it is not worse than the majority of romances that weekly issue from the press, for the supply of the indiscriminate devourers of the circulating library.

Very nearly the same remarks are applicable to *The Death Flag*. It is an improbable story, the scene of which is laid in a distant part of Ireland, at the time of the Pretender, and the lawlessness of the country, and the occasion, affords a field, which Miss CRUMPE has well cultivated, for a fearful crop of crimes, which she describes with a zest that might have been more agreeably expended upon the quieter scenes. It must be admitted, however, in excuse for this, that the authoress is more at home among the wild peasantry of Ireland than in the Court of France, and that, therefore, she is much more truthful in her sketchings of the one than of the other. Her imagination wants delicacy, as her pen lacks refinement. Her conceptions are rude, and her descriptions coarse; but a certain redeeming vigour is apparent in both.

Mr. KINGSTON'S *Pirate of the Mediterranean* is a romance of the COOPER school, modelled after the nautical novels of the American. The writer is personally acquainted with the localities and manner of life, and this imparts to his descriptions an aspect of reality, and makes his fiction almost a book of travels. There is a sailor-like carelessness in the composition, and a dashing, off-hand manner, that are rather agreeable than otherwise; of which strict criticism would complain, but which the reader will readily pardon. The plot is extremely artificial, and the incidents are neither very probable nor very well put together, but they are told with so much spirit that the reader who opens the book anywhere will be tempted to read on, and few would lay it down unfinished.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Hours and Days. By THOMAS BURBRIDGE. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

This is an experimental book, its main object being to bring the poet into a closer communion with the public. To ensure this object, its price is fixed considerably below the usual price of poetical works, and a large sale must be effected to cover the expense of publication. That the object of the author will be fully accomplished by this adaptation of money power we seriously doubt. The attempt, however, involves a subject of grave importance; it opens up afresh the question, how far the poet is a necessary agent of civilization? Among publishers, actual experience has taught them that reductions in the prices of poetical works have little or no effect on an increase of sale. There is, then, in the public mind, a disposition to treat poetry as an isolation; to regard it as a power less vital than vivid; as an abstraction having little kindred with the serious duties of life. We regret, but are not surprised at, this unfortunate blunder. It is a common result, arising from the gigantic development of science. Many poets have arisen, angel-tongued, to tell how the Beautiful is an abiding portion of God's universe, and man's destiny; and they have died, while the material world perceived no evidence of a practical result. “Oh, ye of little faith,” know ye not that the oak which forms the ships that carry the signs of your commerce and your civilization, was once hidden in the profundity of the earth, and ye perceived it not? Of all the living thoughts the poets have uttered, who can unfathom now, or who shall make known centuries hence, how many of them are reproducing valour and virtue in the heart of humanity? The practical good of poetry is unrecognised, mainly because its influence is silent and profound.

Science is more public and positive. Its power, even while it works under the dark waters of the English Channel, multiplies itself to men's physical senses, and they behold the mysterious “writing on the wall.” WATT'S mind has amplified itself into countless material parts, and nations behold it bringing the green valleys of England and the snowy steppes of Russia almost into neighbouring proximity. Science builds its “Crystal Palace” on the earth, and men admiringly behold it; while poetry, it is erroneously believed, builds its castle only in the air, and men behold it not. What wonder that the claims of science should be more acknowledged than the claims of poetry?

The absence of the tangible usefulness of poetry has led to great misconception and error. The far-seeing genius of PASCAL was not sufficiently keen to perceive the aim and end of poetry. He boldly questioned its utility, which was replied to by the bitter sneer of VOLTAIRE: "What right has he to speak of what he does not understand?" It is time to do away with such blundering jealousies. To make poetry more thoroughly useful, men of science must not treat it contemptuously; neither must the poet be so entirely abstracted as to look indifferently on the knowledge that enhances and increases physical comforts.

Before Mr. BURBIDGE can hope to see the poet in the popular position to which he is really entitled, men must cease to look upon him as an idealism. He is *not* an idealism since his mission is less ideal than human. Cheap poetical works may be a means of bringing about the desired change, but the chief mean lies in the poet adapting himself to the requirements of the age. He must possess the power to lead even while he seems to follow. Hood's *Song of the Shirt*, with its fearful sense of human wrong, and human suffering, was as much needed as the Steam Engine, or the Electric Telegraph. Such an immortal outburst of poetry, no one dare call useless, and, more than VOLTAIRE's sneer, it denounces the falsehood of PASCAL.

Some of our suggestions may be useful to Mr. BURBIDGE. Although he writes cleverly and well, with a reverent fervour, and a strong moral purpose, he is deficient in that social element which makes CHARLES MACKAY so well-known and read in factories and workshops, and which is indispensable in a work that aims to multiply itself among the toiling millions of earth. Only let it be understood that the poet is not an abstracted fragment of mortality; let it be shown that he is one of God's missionaries, fighting with a holy zeal in the cause of the oppressed; that his musical words are the utterances of progress, and an echo of the universal tongue, and we should have no cause to complain that he is overlooked and unread. In order to show Mr. BURBIDGE's high opinion of the poet, and to exhibit his own poetic power, which is considerable, we extract one sonnet out of many.

As Stars in an eternal order play,
So the great band of Poets, if they own
Their natural law, shall circle, each alone,
Yet all combined in orbital array;
So small and great, each taking his own way,
Each making melody in his natural tone,
Shall keep heaven singing from its central throne
Down to the farthest bounds of night or day.
Then should no region of the world of Mind
Want light or music, while from fire to fire
The ranging hearts of men should pass, and find
A prophet still for every true desire—
Now this, now that, and of the genuine quire
Of Poets none in honour fall behind.

THE NEW POET.

THE following is another specimen of the powers of our New Poet, ALEXANDER SMITH:

THE GARDEN AND THE CHILD.

My head is grey, my blood is young,
Red leaping in my veins,
The Spring doth stir my spirit yet
To seek the cloister'd violet,
The primrose in the lanes.
In heart I am a very boy,
Haunting the woods, the water-falls,
The ivies on grey castle walls,
Weeping in silent joy,
When the broad sun goes down the west,
Or trembling o'er a sparrow's nest.

The world might laugh were I to tell
What most my old age cheers:
Memories of stars and crescent moons,
Of nutting strolls through Autumn noons,
Rainbows 'mong April's tears.
But chief to live that hour again,
When first I stood on sea-beach old,
First heard the voice, first saw out-roll'd
The glory of the main.
Many rich draughts hath Memory,
The Soul's cup-bearer, brought to me.

I saw a Garden in my strolls,
A lovely place, I ween,
With rows of vermeil blossom'd trees,
With flowers, with stum'brous haunts of bees,
With summer house of green,
A peacock perch'd upon a dial,
In the Sun's face he did unclose
His train superb with eyes and glows,
To dare the Sun to trial.
A Child sat in a shady place,
A shower of ringlets round her face.

She sat on shaven plot of grass,
With earnest face, and weaving
Lilies white and freaked pansies,
Into most delicious fancies.
Then, on a sudden leaving
Her floral wreath, she would upspring
With silver shouts and ardent eyes

To chase the yellow butterflies,
Making the garden ring;
Then gravely paced the scented walk,
Soothing her doll with childish talk.

And being, as I said before,
An old man who could find
A boundless joy beneath the skies
And in the light of human eyes,
And in the blowing wind,
There daily I my footsteps turn'd,
Through the green Spring, till Autumn's peaches
Were dropping full-juiced in my reaches.
Each day my old heart yearn'd
To look upon that child so fair,
That infant in her golden hair.

In this green lovely world of ours
I have had many pets;
Two are still leaping in the sun,
Three are married, that dearest One
Is 'neath the violets.
I linger'd till my heart grew wild,
To fold her in my warm caresses,
Clasp her showers of golden tresses,
O Dreamy-eyed Child!
O Child of Beauty, still thou art
A sunlight in this lonely heart.

When Autumn eves grew chill and rainy,
England left I for the Ganges.
I couch'd 'mong groves of cedar trees,
Cool lakes and stum'brous palaces,
Cross'd the snows of mountain ranges,
Watch'd the set of old Orion,
Saw wild flocks and wild-eyed shepherds,
Princes charioted by leopards,
In the desert met the lion,
The mad sun above us glaring—
Child, for thee I still was caring!

Home return'd from realms barbaric,
By the shores of Loch Lubnaig,
A dear Friend and I were walking,
(Twas the Sabbath.) We were talking
Of dreams and feelings vague.
We paused by a place of graves,
Scarcely a word was twist us given;
Silent the earth, silent the heaven,
No murmur of the waves.
The awed Loch lay black and still,
In the black shadow of the hill.

We loos'd the gate and wander'd in,
When the sun eternal
Was sudden blanch'd with amethyst,
As if a thick and purple mist
Dusk'd his brows supernal.
And, like a God in mortal throes,
City, hill, and sea he dips
In the death hues of eclipse.
Mightier his anguish grows,
Till he hung black with ring intense,
The wreck of his magnificence.

Above the Earth's cold face he hung,
With a pale ring of glory,
Like that which cunning limners paint
Around the forehead of a saint,
Or brow of martyr hoary.
And sitting there, I could but choose
That blind and stricken sun above,
Stare glim'ring through the ghastly noon,
'Mid the thick falling dews,
To tell, with features pale and wild,
About that Garden and that Child.

When moons had waxed and waned, I stood
Before the garden gate,
The Peacock's dial was overthrown,
The walks with moss were overgrown,
Her bower was desolate.
Staring in utter misery,
Upon that sad and silent place,
A woman came with mournful face,
And thus she said to me:
"Those trees, as they were human souls,
All wither'd at the death-bell knolls."

I turn'd and ask'd her of the Child:
"She is gone hence," quoth she,
"To be with Christ in Paradise."
O, Sir, I still'd her infant cries,
I nursed her on my knee.
Though I was ever by her side,
Watching life fading on her cheek,
She saw me not, nor did she speak,
Till just before she died;
In the wild heart of that eclipse,
These words came through her wasted lips:

"Cold the death dews on my brow,
Blight and cold as polar morn,
Cold is Death, O colder now,
On my heart thy scorn,
Leth like snow."

Round thy words and looks and smiles
Memory lingereth, as heaves
The ocean with most loving wilks,
On calm mooned eves,
Round incense isles.

When the sun is in the west,
The golden-hearted marigold
Shuts its eyes.—Upon my breast
My white hands I fold,
And go to rest."

"My heart is in the grave with her,
The family went abroad;
Last Autumn you might see the fruits
Neglected, rot round the tree roots;
This Spring no leaves they show'd.
I sometimes fear my brain is cross't:
Around this place, the churchyard yonder,
By day, by night, I silent wander,
As woful as a ghost—
God take me to his gracious keeping,
But this old man is wittily weeping!"

That night the sky was heap'd with clouds;
Through one blue gulf profound,
Begirt with many a cloudy crag,
The moon came rushing like a stag,
And one star like a hound.
Verily the chase I eyed,
Verily I saw the dawn's
Feet sheening o'er the dewy lawns—
O God that I had died!
My heart's red tendrils all were torn,
And bleeding on that summer morn.

The Hecuba of Euripides, chiefly from the Text of Porson. By GEORGE R. WHEELER, A.B., of Trinity College, Dublin. Dublin: Machen.

VAST has been the labour and the erudition bestowed upon this volume by Mr. WHEELER. Adopting the text of PORSON, he has given all the various readings of that marvellous scholar, but introducing also the suggestions of other commentators, and some original views of his own. Every authoritative edition of the play has been carefully collated; a series of rules and observations upon the Greek metres in general has been introduced, and the choruses are analysed both on the method of HERMANN, and that of older scholars. A series of questions on metres, and an English as well as a Greek index, make it the most complete edition of the drama which our literature possesses.

The Book of Ballads. Edited by BON GAULTIER. London: Orr and Co.

WE reviewed this work some two or three years ago. This is a new edition of it. It is too well known to need a second notice. Suffice to say, that it loses none of its interest with time. The humour is as fresh as ever; still we break into a broad grin over the illustrations of ALFRED CROWQUILL. The imitations of the modern poets are second only to those in the immortal *Rejected Addresses*.

A NUMBER of little volumes of Poetry have been sent for review, upon which, with all desire to deal kindly with the authors, we cannot, in justice to our readers, expend more than a few words, and these *not* of approval. In truth, they ought never to have been put into print or challenged criticism.

The Glass-berg, is a poem in praise of the Crystal Palace. A single specimen will render needless any expression of an opinion:

I think man's sinews are almost sublime,
When a great work so quickly they fulfil;
There in the vasty halls, we see how Time
Has been brought under to the English will.

England and Australia, by H. E. HILL, is of the same prosaic construction—it is the dullest prose turned into metre, without the slightest spark of poetry, either of thought or expression, to enliven it. Mr. HILL modestly says in his preface, that "he is not aware of borrowing from any other poet, but, if any, it must be from BYRON." He needs not trouble himself; his verses are innocent even of *borrowed* poetry. If our readers desire proof of the justice of these remarks, *ecce signum!* Our poet thus describes the difficulties of a settler:

The few heads of their stock they may have left,
To all the pittance saved them by the State;
And who will say that they are not bereft,
By the Home Ministry, who did create
These laws; without an acre or a cleft
Whereon to lay their head, still left to fate,
Or rather Providence, may sicken—die;
But there is One that marks it with his eye.

And thus it runs through some 150 pages!

The British Shepherd, and other Poems, by R. J. TEMPLE, Assistant Minister of St. Barnabas, London, is another of those essays in rhyme which ought to have been written in prose. It is very strange that writers will not discover how much time and trouble they waste in putting into verse what they can say so much better in plain prose. So it is here. Mr. TEMPLE has spoiled what would have been a capital sermon, by a laborious effort to present it in the least attractive form.

A brochure, entitled *The Battles of the Frogs and Mice*, has a dash of poetry in it, but the satire wants point, and the poem itself is too short to constitute a book. The illustrations, also, are below mediocrity.

RELIGION.

The Church of Christ, in its Idea, Attributes, and Ministry. By EDWARD ARTHUR LITTON, M.A., of Stockton Heath, Cheshire. London: Longman and Co.

THIS ponderous volume, which upon its title-page professes to be written "with a particular reference to the Controversy on the Subject between Romanists and Protestants," because of its controversial character

can have no other than a *descriptive* notice in these columns. We find it to be impossible to express the slightest approval or disapproval of any book of this class, without bringing down upon us a host of angry correspondents, who charge us with a design of advancing some doctrines to which the writers are opposed. No matter what the subject, there is the same storm of remonstrance, although in fact it is a rule with us to take no account of doctrine in a book, but to confine ourselves strictly to that which is our sole *critical* duty, a statement of the *subject* of the book, and an opinion upon its merits as a *composition*.

Observing the same necessary rule, we have only to say of Mr. LITTON's volume of 700 pages, that it is a review of the fundamental differences between Romanism and Protestantism, "as opposite systems of dogmatic theology." "The chief aim of the writer," he says in his preface, "has been to bring out fully to view the ultimate doctrinal principles which lie at the root of each doctrine respectively, and to point out how these principles naturally give rise to the visible results with which the world is familiar." "An unusually large space," he adds, "is devoted to purely doctrinal discussions." To this he was induced by an error, into which he considers that Protestants fall, of laying too much stress upon the *external*, to the overlooking of the *internal*, points of difference. The ground taken is, he says, "that of evangelical Protestantism, the Protestantism of LUTHER, CALVIN, and our own Reformers, as distinguished from the political, eclectic, and rationalistic systems which at different times have taken its place."

He divides his treatise into three books. The first is on the Idea of a Church; the second on the Notes and Attributes of the Church; the third on the Christian Ministry. In each the author points out the particulars in which Romanism and Protestantism agree and differ, and then adduces his arguments in favour of the differences recognised by the Protestants. The second book he divides into two parts, which he terms, "the Notes of a Church" and "the Attributes or Predicates of the Church." In the third book he discourses of the origin and perpetuation of the ministerial function, and of the Powers of the Clergy. His arguments are closely reasoned and clearly advanced, and his style has much elegant simplicity. It has, moreover, the rare merit of being entirely free from the proverbial bitterness of controversy. He deals fairly with his antagonists, and respectfully. He does not dogmatise,—he argues. He does not assume that he is right, but endeavours to prove that he has the weight of reason on his side.

The Popes; an Historical Summary; comprising a period of 1784 years, from Linus to Pius IX., &c. &c. By G. A. F. WILKS, M.D. London: Rivingtons.

THIS work contains a valuable historical summary of the various events in the Popedom, and a brief notice of each successive Pope: of the biography of the present Pontiff an interesting and succinct account is given. This historical summary is divided by Dr. WILKS into nine great periods, omitting ST. PETER, who never was at any time Bishop of Rome, and who, it appears most probable, never was even at Rome: he begins with LINUS, in the year A.D. 67; and the first period ends with the Pontificate of MELCHIADES in 314. The second period begins with SYLVESTER, and ends with GREGORY I. This latter Pontiff is worthy of notice, from having sent AUGUSTINE to Britain to spread Christianity here. The third and fourth periods extend from the election of SABINIUS to the death of GREGORY VII., which occurred in 1085. The sixth period extends from the death of BONIFACE VII., in 1313, to the close of the Council of Constance in 1417. The seventh period embraces that of the Reformation. The rise of the Jesuits occupies attention in the history of the eighth; and the ninth closes with an interesting account of the principal events in and of the career and rise of PIUS IX. At the present period such a work is not only of deep interest, but of great value; and in its compilation Dr. WILKS appears to have bestowed great care and exercised considerable research. Some of the information it conveys will be new to most of our readers, even of those whose attention is particularly devoted to historical studies. It is of course rather as a book of reference, than as one for ordinary perusal, that this will be found useful; and in this respect it is one which is of real importance, alike for its accuracy and the research it displays.

The Harmony of the Gospels Displayed, in a Series of Questions and Answers, selected from the Works of the best Authors. Edited by a Clergyman of the Church of England. In 2 vols. London: Hope and Co.

THE design of this work is to induce at once a study of the Scriptures, and an acquaintance with their

meaning. The questions usually relate to texts which are not given but only referred to, and the reader is required to search the sacred volume for the words, and then follows an explanation of those words. The design is ingenious, and much labour must have been bestowed upon its execution. Only experiment will prove its fitness for the purpose of religious teaching.

Practical Sermons. By G. WILLIAM BRAMELD, M.A. Curate of Mansfield. London: Hope and Co.

THESE discourses are truly what they are termed in the title-page—*practical*. They do not attempt to sound the depths of abstruse and difficult questions in Theology: the topics of what they treat, are such as address themselves to the hearts and interests of the humblest Christians. They were written for the miscellaneous congregation of a parish church in a country town, and carefully adapted for their audience. Thirty-four of these sensible sermons are collected in this little volume, and all are remarkable for a certain homely eloquence, more effective, if less attractive, than the loftier flights of oratory. Mr. BRAMELD does not command belief, he persuades and convinces.

A Concordance to the Liturgy. By the Rev. J. GREEN, B.D. London: Hope and Co.

EVERYBODY knows the uses of a Concordance to the Bible. If but a word in a passage is remembered, by reference to that word, the passage may be found. This is the plan upon which Mr. GREEN has constructed a Concordance to the Liturgy. Its uses are obvious. It carries its own recommendation.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

A Dictionary of Difficulties. By P. F. MERLET. Third edition. Taylor and Walton.

THE design of this volume is to explain the difficulties of the French Language, chiefly those which the student meets with in its grammar, in the synonyms, in versification, and in etymology. The volume is made still more useful by a collection of mercantile expressions, phrases and letters, and some instruction in the elements of composition, exemplified by notes, letters and essays, designed to be amplified by the learner.

Little Fanny's Journal. By the late M. T. TYTLER. Edinburgh: Kennedy.

A PRETTY little story, full of interest and instruction, told in the familiar way that children love. It is also lavishly adorned with pictures.

AMONG the lesser works in this department, which have come to hand are, *A Word to the Wise*, by Mr. P. GWYNNE, who imparts some useful hints on the current improprieties of expression in Writing and Speaking, such as the best informed are in the unconscious habit of falling into. For instance "spoonsful," instead of "spoonfuls,"—"disagreeable effluvia," instead of "effluvium." "Let you and I try to move it," instead of *me*, which is the proper phrase; "Who is this for?" instead of *whom*. "The man *whom* they intend shall execute the work," instead of *who*. "These kind of entertainments," instead of *this*. "He *laid* on a sofa," instead of *he lay*. "I expected to have *called* on him last night," instead of "to *call*," &c. &c. We heartily commend these few pages to the perusal of every one of our readers, for sure we are, that there is not one of them who does not often commit some of the errors here pointed out, but which, once explained to them, they will not be likely to fall into again. —Lady VERNEY has sent us some *Hints on Arithmetic*, designed to inform a young governess how best to teach this difficult science to children. The plans proposed are ingenious, and we think would be found successful. —*Little Things*, is the title of a little book, on the little virtues and vices which go so far to make up the sum of human happiness or misery. It is written in the kindest Christian spirit. —The Rev. J. CRAMPTON has forwarded a small treatise on *Recent Discoveries on Descriptive Astronomy*, which looks very much as if it had been reprinted from a newspaper. —"A Father" (name unknown) has produced a plan for teaching *Reading to Children of the Earliest Age*. We confess ourselves unable to discover any novelty in it. —*Dramatic Fairy Tales*, by a Lady, are two tales, arranged in dramatic form in blank verse, for the use of children, who, we suspect, would be much more amused by them if they had been told in plain prose. Children cannot rise to the height of the heroic metre. They like the jingle of rhyme, but blank verse is repulsive to them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Novels and Romances of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. London: Chapman and Hall.

WHATEVER else has been denied to BULWER, no one has dared to deny his industry and his versatility. He has now been twenty-five years before the public, and during that time, he has poured out volumes, in all styles, and manners, and on all subjects, with a profusion which might have seemed reckless, had it not been for the merit of all he has done. What phase of authorship has he not filled? He has been a novelist, a critic, a dramatist, a poet, a historian, a metaphysical speculator, a politician—not to speak of his editorship of magazines, his doings in Parliament, and his contributions to the natural history of the Cold Water Cure. To match him as an author in this respect, we have absolutely to go back to the days of GOETHE, or rather of VOLTAIRE. And yet we opine that this boundless fertility and versatility have been rather pernicious than useful to his reputation; they have cast an air of shallow adventure, and tentative experiment, around him, which is, to some extent, at least unjust. Yet had he concentrated his powers more, and taken some one great citadel by storm, instead of investing a hundred at once, he had probably been reputed a greater general. He and Lord BROUGHAM have both acquired, in different measures, the reputation of brilliant charlatans, partly from their not obeying the maxim "Let well alone," and from not remembering that, while PROTEUS was a god, they are but mortal men.

Were we to pretend that we had read all BULWER's works, it were untrue, and were a lie, moreover, which nobody would believe, for we are persuaded that not the hardest bookworm in the empire, not BULWER's bitterest foe nor his warmest friend, has accomplished the task. Indeed, as some years elapsed ere JOHNSON read his own *Rasselas*, so we have some suspicion that BULWER has not yet read some of his own works, though he has written them all; we can only speak according to our knowledge, and comment on the text set before us.

Of his poetical pretensions, for instance, we can say little since we have read neither his *New Timon*, nor *King Arthur*, nor his *Siamese Twins*, nor even his beautiful Fragment on MILTON, save in extracts. We quote from a friend whose opinion we greatly value, the following estimate of *King Arthur*. "Intellectually speaking, it is worse than a fault, it is a mistake, the author is an orator, and has tried to be a poet. DICKENS'S JOHN the carrier, was perpetually on the verge of a joke, but never made one. BULWER's relation to poetry is of the same provoking kind. The lips twitch, the face glows, the eyes light, but the joke is not there. An exquisite *savoir faire* has led him within sight of the intuitions of poetic instinct. Laborious calculation has almost stood for sight, but his maps and charts are not the earth and the heavens. Glorious as some of his novels are, a careful eye can detect this idiosyncrasy, in *Arthur* it stands naked. His vision is not a dream, but a nightmare. You have Parnassus before you, but the light which never was on sea or shore is wanting. The whole work reminds you of a lunar landscape, rocks and caves to spare, but no atmosphere. It is fairyland travelled by dark. How you sigh even for the chaos, the *discordia semina* of genius, while toiling through the impotent waste of this sterile maturity." Thus far the author of "the Roman."

But we must now proceed to qualify his eloquent remarks, not about *King Arthur*, but in reference to BULWER's novels, and to his general character. BULWER, then, we grant, is neither a SHAKSPEARE nor a SCOTT. He owes infinitely less to nature than the one, nor has he ever reached the simple power, fire, dignity, and healthiness of the other, who, we think, in these qualities resembled HOMER more nearly than any man that ever lived. But without quarrelling about the definition of genius or poetry, which would lead us astray, into a wide waste of irrelevant discussion, we attribute to BULWER the following remarkable qualities, which we think, in their combination at least, constitute him a man of high genius. He has, then, first, the impersonal faculty in a great measure; secondly, he on the whole is original; thirdly, he has remarkable width if not depth; fourthly, he has distinguished dramatic power; fifthly, with all his levity, flippancy, and overdone brilliance, he is equal to all the great crises of his narrative; and, sixthly, his works show a principle of genial, fructifying health and strength—gathering growth. We

waive allusion to his admitted qualities of wit, variety, immeasurable invention and fancy, to his terse and sparkling style, or to that mere quantity of production which can never fully in any case discriminate the field of tares from that of wheat.

Now, first, we assert that he is to a remarkable degree impersonal. He is very little of an egotist, except, perhaps, in *Pelham* and *The Disowned*, where he was as yet trifling with his pen, and looking over it ever and anon at his own face in the mirror of his self conceit. But in his after and better fictions, he rises into a higher region, and shoots his soul into a hundred varied and manly characters, high and low, good and wicked, fictitious and historical. Witness *Eugene Aram* (who though a monster is not the mere distorted shadow of the author), *Rienzi*, *Walter Montreuil*, the *Gamester*, in *Night and Morning*, and numberless besides. Bold individual creations all these are, and not projections of the writer's own image. They stamp him a very different writer from BYRON, who had but one character—himself—in varied and affected postures, and whose very women were in general female masques of his own dear features. Even GOETHE is accused by WORDSWORTH of reproducing his own image in Protean shapes, and of being under the semblance of absolute and colourless catholicity, really an egotistical writer, and is on this account placed far beneath SHAKSPEARE, who is everybody besides and except himself. On the other hand, BULWER approaches toward the Shakspearian type, although there is this difference—SHAKSPEARE passes from soul to soul with the quickness and ease of thought; it seems to cost BULWER a degree of effort, and like the magician in the Eastern tale, he has to die in agony out of his own idiosyncrasy ere he is born in glory and in joy into that of others. Still the power is magical, and perhaps itself enough to prove him a man of genius.

Secondly. He is, on the whole, an original writer. He thinks for himself, and speaks in his own language. Like most writers, indeed, he began with imitating the models he found in vogue at the time, or those his early taste recommended. Hence his early novels are a compound of the fashionable, the Godwin, and the Waverley tale. But he soon left these trammels broken behind him, and soared into his own ideal of fiction, the originality of which, we think, lies in the extreme breadth of the purpose he proposes the novel and romance to fulfil. He means it to be a mirror, not of low or of high life exclusively, not of the common or the ideal alone, not of the past or the present, or the future exclusively, but that it shall be a wide and catholic mirror of each and all. GODWIN wrote for philosophers; the authors of the fashionable novels for the upper classes. DICKENS writes for the British, and especially the Londoners; even SCOTT, neither goes back to the classical periods nor keeps up with the spirit of this age, far less plunges into the mysterious future; but BULWER has written for the world and of the world, in the broadest sense of the terms; has painted all kinds of life; has mated with the men and manners of all ages; has reproduced as no one else has done, the Roman times; has daguerreotyped the features of our own bustling age; and has invaded with bold foot, the shadowy regions of speculation which merge into the invisible world. Hence his works are such favourites with foreigners, from their cosmopolitan character. We are not, indeed, prepared to say that he has thoroughly filled up the broad and bold outline of his purpose. Had he done so, he had been the greatest novelist the world ever saw. But his success has been wonderful, and enough to class him with the most extraordinary writers of this age. He has, although with effort and consciousness, lifted himself high and far above this "ignorant present time" and caught on his wings the wide light of the universe. Thus, although his depth were denied, his width must be admitted. Nay, we are ready to maintain that great width is equivalent to great depth. What signifies, if the quantity of water be the same, whether it is spread over a hundred leagues or condensed into one? So, if there be the same amount of mind, of what consequence whether diffused over a hundred intellectual regions, or gathered together in one or two profound pits. Just as height and depth are only relative terms so often with depth and width. You may call the sky indifferently, either lofty or profound. So the very wide man is deep in one direction, and the very deep is wide in another.

SHAKSPEARE, it has been said, was the greatest of men, because he was the widest of sympathizers. If this be true, the man who, like BULWER, has traversed such vast and varied regions, found or made so many characters, and entered into the spirit, and language, and soul of so many times, must, whether we call him a poet or not, be a great man.

Without dwelling on his dramatic quality, which indeed is only a form of his impersonal power and catholic breadth, we notice that he is equal to all the great crises in histories. We grant him too uniformly lively and brilliant in his style. So brilliant is he, that you cry out for a platitude as for a pearl; you would dig for dullness as for hid treasure; you would pause and hang transported over a single, plain, sober sentence. But in the first place, this is a compliment as well as a charge; few minds are so Californian in their wealth. Secondly, were the charge pressed, BULWER might reply as a student is said once to have done, "Your papers are all equally excellent." "Then," replied he, "I'll take care that in my next some parts shall be divine." And our author is careful, sometimes, to answer *thus* in this matter. He chooses great and splendid topics, he binds himself up to treat them as they deserve, and he gains his object. Many instances, in proof, will occur to our readers' minds. Take the whole of the closing chapters in *The Last Days of Pompeii*, the *Hell* scene in *Night and Morning*, the end of *Harold*, and twenty different places in *Rienzi*. The term "oratory" will not measure these, they are instinct with the power of genius; their words are the rushing wings of an empyrean tempest. We are not certain if SCOTT himself has ever surpassed or equalled the death of WALTER MONTREUIL, or the picture of Vesuvius drunk with devouring fire, and staggering in his terrible vomit.

We appeal, lastly, in our present argument, to the growth visible in BULWER's genius. Growth, need we say, is of great importance to genius. Nay, we say more. PRUDHON opines that God is progress. This is false, for God began with his most stupendous work, the summoning of Being into existence, but we will almost aver that Genius is Growth, and define a man of genius to be a man of limitless growth, with a soul smitten with a passion for, and open to, every influence promoting growth; growing always, like a tree, by night, by day, in calm and storm, through difficulty, despair—nay, even on the chill death-bed, the son of genius will grow! It is this which proves his greatness and relation to the Infinite. The man of talent grows to a certain point, and stops; Genius knows no points and no stops. Even eagles' wings have their severe limit in the far ether, but angels' wings have none. Some one beautifully speaks of Nature as saying, in answer to all doubts and difficulties, "I grow, I grow." So there hums through the being of a man of genius, the low everlasting melody, "I too grow, and will never cease." This growth is often not seen, the night of calamity covers it up, or it is buried in the very foliage which its own vigour produces; or, like "certain plants which grow in search of light downwards," it may seem to retrograde, but, even as fairies were fabled to hear the flowers growing at midnight, there are ears of fairy fineness, which never cease to be aware of the musical growth of true poet souls, springing up like flowers to everlasting life—arising in harmony and in incense towards the throne of God!

Yes! toward the throne of God! for this growth is not only poetical and harmonious, but heavenly and holy. There can be no real growth which is not. The man who grows, grows not only in genius, but in wisdom, and wisdom is, from and to, above. The man who grows, grows as a whole—grows in God—and must, therefore, grow to God. Men of talent and of mere morality, stand, and ever will stand, on the outside of things; but men of genius, and men of piety, become "partakers of the Divine Nature," and do not merely discern the fiery fences and outward semblances of the Infinite, but they see, and swim, and grow, in that holy and boundless element itself.

We are glad to believe that BULWER's growth has been of this total and vital sort. At first, cleverness and sentimentalism—the one scarcely attaining to wit, and the other hardly amounting to genius, were the staple of his works. To these succeeded a sort of melodramatic earnestness, of which *Eugene Aram* was a specimen. Then, in *Zanoni*, you find the strong spirit beating in

terrible sincerity and blindness against the bars of its cage. Next, in *Ernest Maltravers*, *Alice*, and *The New Timon*, we find a resumption of his first flippant manner, which fails, however, to disguise the iron which has entered into his soul, and proves that he never could have reached the exquisite *double-entendre*, between seriousness and scoffing, between the true and the false, between the ideal and the gross, which has given an equivocal repute to the *Don Juan* of BYRON and the later works of GOETHE. This was not his element; and, after a few vain strugglings to support himself in it, he spurned, left, and rose to a better—the sphere of the "Caxtons." Here he is, almost, if not altogether a Christian. All his powers remain, but they now work and move in a mellow atmosphere. All his acquirements are with him still, but they seem now consecrated to a sublimer service. Every sentence beats audibly with feeling, as if a "new heart had been put within him;" and, if something of the convulsive force and thick brilliance of his former manner be gone, its place is supplied by a gentler pathos, a finer balance of faculties, and a more thorough sympathy with man's moral nature, and his yearnings after a nobler state of being.

We see, in these latter books, the interesting spectacle of a bewildered and baffled speculator, returning like a wearied sea-bird from her wanderings, to the nest of a simple supernatural faith. It is a circle which all the true and warm-hearted thinkers of this age have described or are describing, or shall describe. Scepticism is a sea, at once shallow, dead and bitter, in whose waters no true man can long live. And like that dead and blasted sea of Sodom it has two sides—the infinite, hopeless, howling Wilderness, and the Land of Promise, into one or other of which the travellers must emerge. Many go on to the desert of utter unbelief, and come, like the character in the *Pilgrim*, to a wide field full of dark mountains, where they stumble, and fall, and rise no more. Others return and retrace their way, although it be at first through dangerous defiles, to the palm trees of Jericho and the holy places of Jerusalem. And so, to some extent, it has been with BULWER. May his pilgrimage eventually terminate at the foot of the Cross and the side of the Sepulchre.

Would it were so with all. And it is not irrelevant to this, to state our strong convictions of the miserable failure which CARLYLE's *Sterling* has proved. We do not refer to its literary execution—that is beautiful—but to its utter evasion of the matter in hand—to its lack of new or clear light upon any subject—and to the fierce truculence which burns in some of its sentences like sounds of "weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth," mingling fitfully with the music of tributary friendship. MALLET forgot, in his *Life of Bacon*, that he was a philosopher—CARLYLE has, save in those rabid scattered sentences, forgotten that his friend was a truth-seeker, and that the public cared for him solely because he was. The book should have been called not "Carlyle's Sterling," but "Sterling's Carlyle,"—since it proves principally the following things: first, that strange to tell, CARLYLE's heart has survived his belief in Christianity; secondly, that he either too much despises or too much fears religion openly to attack it; and yet, thirdly, that he hates it sufficiently to throw out, *sub voce*, dark, and would-be-damning insinuations against its truth and value. Whether all this tends to raise him in the estimation of the good and enlightened, time will show. Meanwhile we beg leave to quote some admirable sentences anent the book from the pen of a liberal and talented American correspondent which have come in this moment, and with which, in the main, we cordially coincide:

This book reflects all those peculiar characteristics that make him the most intangible and unsatisfying writer of the age. In such a work, Carlyle had surely a fair chance to speak intelligibly—real flesh and blood appealed to him for faithful representation—and human sympathy had no ordinary opportunity to utter its own language in the simple dialect of Nature. And yet the book, as a complete image of John Sterling, strikes me, as a ghost-like delineation, by a magic lantern, on a smoke cloud. I never laid down an attractive book with such a sense of sadness, such a melancholy spirit, such an ungratified heart. The great thing I wanted to find was not realised. It is about as destitute of religiousness as anything could be, and as for moral heartiness, Alpine summits might affiliate it. Over the whole effort, excepting occasional utterances of tenderness there is a triflingness of mood, that in its measure, looks as much out of place as jesting in Heaven.

Judging simply from this book, no thoughtful man can come to the conclusion, that Sterling was a devout seeker after the truth. I dare not say that Sterling was no Christian, but I must say that this volume does not so exhibit him. If he considered Christianity merely in its intellectual relations, is it singular that he never reached its promised land? There is a work for the heart to perform, and poor Sterling seems to have neglected it. If a man undertake to see the real grandeur of Christianity in the external architecture of its temple, he must be doomed to be disappointed. The great vice of our day reacted fearfully upon Sterling. We have accumulated explanations, logical interpretations, intellectual formularies around Christianity, until men have come to believe and act as if it were a science alone, while all its serene simplicities, and child-like movements towards the heart are unappreciated and unfelt. I do not wonder that the intellectual presentations of Christianity, as now popular, did not captivate Sterling, but I do wonder that he should have gone to earthly picture galleries to study the paintings of Christ by our "great masters," when the New Testament offers so beautiful and holy an image. And I wonder all the more that with such a heart as he must have had he never showed sufficient strength of instinct to silence the doubts of the speculative intellect. I believe in that voice as the hope of the World. Grant that Historical Christianity, Social Christianity *et id omne genus*, have their difficulties, is Christianity as the need of the heart—as the religion of the spirit—is this within the scope of disputation. If History and Logic are at fault be it so! There is still a high and holy Christianity which they touch not, and leaving them to the schools and literature, the believing heart, on its own independent grounds, can give a quick and profound response to its invocations and behests. The time has come when Christianity in every respect is a personal matter—when no man can help us—when God is turning our whole nature on the examination of individual foundations, and when primary laws and experimental history are to settle the awful interrogations which the whirlwind and the storm are thundering in our ears.

What follows is too beautiful to be withheld:

I followed the narrative with eager interest, hoping that I should at last get a glimpse of the poor wayfarer near the Cross, and enjoy the precious pleasure of mingling my tears with his, under the dying form of the atoning Victim of Calvary, but in vain! And yet I trusted that the last hours would solve the life-long doubts, and that the beautiful form of the sufferer would turn a farewell glance toward us, and show the soft light of a brighter day dawning upon his brow, but all in vain! The moving cloud follows the shortening footsteps, and the grave opens beneath it.

No! dear American brother. It was not so after all. JOHN STERLING, we firmly believe, and that upon good evidence, died a meek and humble disciple of JESUS CHRIST, asking, with almost his last breath, for the Bible he had used when a Curate. But it was not convenient that this incident should by his late biographer be brought prominently into view. It was fit, perhaps, that as the cloud between STERLING and CHRIST was partly of his making, he should continue to hold up its gloomy drapery till the very close. A thankless and a miserable task, worthy of a spirit in pain, and not worthy of any man who had ever been baptized in the name of JESUS!

APOLLODORUS.

[NOTE.—Neither our correspondent nor we must be understood, by some expressions in his letter, to grant that Historical Christianity is indefensible, or that the *Life of Sterling* has added one new particle of difficulty to its defenders; but simply, that the internal and spiritual power of Christianity is an evidence of a higher kind, yet has been too seldom advanced by its friends, and is too little felt by its enemies. It is quite clear that we never can argue our present infidels into belief, but we may live them down, if not into faith, yet into shame, silence, and dismay. This is the great problem before the Church at present.]

A Faggot of French Sticks. By the Author of "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau." London: John Murray. 1851. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 463 and 455.

We know no author of the present day, who understands so well the art of combining amusement with information as Sir FRANCIS HEAD. His books owe little or nothing to invention: they may be said to consist of a bare narration of facts, but those facts are related in such terse and pointed language, and accompanied with such ingenious and lively reflections and remarks, that they come

upon us with all the charm and freshness of originality. One of Sir FRANCIS HEAD's principal merits is, that on few occasions does he confine himself to those beaten paths which have already been so much trodden by other authors; possessing the talent of extracting amusement and lively anecdote, from the most commonplace events and characters, as the bee draws honey from the most ordinary flowers, he passes silently by those topics that have already been shown in every possible point of view by a multitude of writers; and he seeks the materials for his books in scenes, which, however trivial or uninteresting in outward appearance, possess at least the charm of novelty, and which he presents to us in so agreeable a light, that we wonder they can so long have remained unnoticed. Sir FRANCIS HEAD resembles that ingenious youth in Mrs. BARBAULD's pretty story for children, entitled *Eyes and no Eyes*; who (by merely making the best use of the senses God has bestowed upon us), contrives out of a short country walk, to find matter for a varied and pleasant narrative. In this, and in other respects, he reminds us of STERNE; with this difference, that STERNE's observations lead to moral reflections; HEAD's to solid information. One is *sentiment*, the other *fact*; but both are elicited in the most agreeable form.

Notwithstanding our knowledge of the peculiarities in Sir FRANCIS HEAD's descriptions and scenes, we confess we felt somewhat startled when we read the following paragraph in the preface to his new work: where, in contempt of the ordinary cases for observation, he says,

During my brief residence in the French metropolis, excepting three days, I dined and breakfasted by myself. I never entered a theatre; only once a café. I neither paid nor received visits; In short, I totally abstained from any other society than that which I had the happiness to enjoy in the public streets.

We had been so much accustomed to consider the French capital as a city of theatres and restaurants, that any attempt to describe it without alluding to these principal features, appeared to us very like the old joke of acting the play of *Hamlet*, with the part of the Prince of Denmark omitted. Our author has, however, found abundance of matter for his entertaining chapters; and the only fault we can find with him, is that he sometimes quits a subject abruptly, before our curiosity is fully satisfied with the novel topic presented for our consideration: roughly breaking off, as it were, some of his sticks, instead of smoothly cutting them, and polishing their ends, like those which compose the rest of his faggot.

Even a hackneyed scene acquires fresh brilliancy from his manner of narrating it; in proof of which, we need only mention the account of his solitary visit to the Café de Paris, his description of the gardens of the Tuileries, and his conversation with a young Frenchman in an omnibus, which would make

— those laugh who never laughed before
And those who always laughed, now laugh the more.

In the course of two moderately sized volumes, he leads us through all the public establishments of any note in Paris; and in each expedition, he finds some little incident "to point a moral, or adorn a tale." While giving full credit to the social system of our own country, he points out many things in which Old England might take a useful hint from her Gallic neighbour. There are arrangements and establishments in France, which may well diffuse a blush over the cheek of the Englishman who visits them, and who contrasts them with the inferior manner in which these things are done at home.

Thus, in place of the filth, brutalities, and horrors of Smithfield in the heart of the city; and the cellar and backyard slaughter-houses that contaminate the streets and lanes of every district in London; we have in Paris, the suburban markets, and, above all, the cleanly, humane, and orderly proceedings of the *Abattoirs*, or great public slaughter-houses; of which it seems "there are five for cattle and sheep, besides smaller places of execution for pigs and horses."

In all, however, great or small, the same leading principles are adopted:

ECONOMY.—In preventing the waste of any particle of the produce that can be turned to account.

CLEANLINESS—by scourings and abundance of water, amounting to a laudable degree of absolute refinement, which must have a great effect on the all-important consideration of salubrity.

HUMANITY—In the attainment of the means by

which the smallest amount of suffering is inflicted on the poor animal.

As a forcible illustration of the latter, we have the striking circumstance that at the *équarisseur's* where worn-out horses, cattle, mules, and asses are killed, although they are not allowed to be kept alive more than twenty-four hours, they have a regular allowance of food!

We defy the most utter despiser of "*foreigners*" to read such a fact for the first time, without imbibing a strong impression that the French must possess some amiability of character. We confess ourselves weak enough to entertain a prepossession in favour of a people who take so much pains to enforce the exercise of good feeling and humanity.

We earnestly recommend to the notice of those who feel any interest in effecting a vast municipal reform, to read over the chapters on the *Abattoir de Montmartre*, *Abattoir des Cochons*, and the latter part of that of the *Equarisseur*; for by a singular arrangement, that perhaps may have been meant to convey a sly touch of sarcasm, the introduction to this item of slaughter-houses, comprises a dissertation on military arrangements.

Comparing the very neat proceedings pursued in killing a pig *there*, with the very slovenly ones *here*, you do not know whether to cry or laugh at the following really affecting though lively picture of the operation as we in England know of it.

In England, when anybody in one's little village, from the worthy rector at the top of the hill down to the little ale-house keeper at the bottom, kills a pig, the animal, who has no idea of "letting concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on his damask cheek," invariably explains, *seriatim*, to every person in the parish—dissenters and all—not only the transaction, but every circumstance relating to it; and accordingly, whether you are very busily writing, reading, thinking, or talking about nothing at all to ladies in bonnets sitting on your sofa to pay you a morning visit, *you* know, and *they* know, perfectly well—though it is not deemed at all fashionable to notice it—the beginning, middle, and end, in short, the whole progress of the deed; for, first of all, a little petulant noise proclaims that somebody somewhere is trying to catch a pig; then the animal begins, all at once, with the utmost force of his lungs, to squall out, "They have caught me—they are pulling at me—they are trying to trip me up—a fellow is kneeling upon me—they are going to make what they call pork of me—Oh dear! they have done for me!" (the sound gets weaker) "I feel exceedingly unwell—I'm getting faint—fainter—fainter still—I shan't be able to squall much longer!" (a long pause). "This very long little squall is my last—'Tis all over—I am dying—I'm dying—I'm dying I'm dead!"

We think few will read the above passage, without agreeing cordially with the wish expressed by the author in the following conversation:

As we were walking along, I asked him (the director of the *abattoir*) to be so good as to explain to me what was the foundation of his establishment. As if I had touched a vital point, he immediately stopped dead short, looked me full in the face, and with great dignity briefly explained to me, in the following words, the axiom or principle of the whole concern: "Monsieur," said he, "*personne n'a le droit de tuer un cochon en Paris!*"

Said I to myself, "how I wish that sentence were written in gold on our London Mansion House.

We must, however, in justice, refer to one redeeming spot in our own country—in the south of Ireland, where herds of swine are killed for pickling. In the great establishments there, a summary mode of execution is adopted, similar to that described in this book, as practised in France.

While these humane regulations ensure an easy death to the brute, other police laws do their utmost to prolong the life of the human species, or rather to prevent it being abruptly cut short by the vice or ignorance of some of our fellow creatures. Were the following rules in force here, they would do much towards diminishing the number of the shocking cases of poisoning with which the English papers abound:

Every shopkeeper is rigidly prevented from selling anything injurious to the health of the community. For this reason, no one is allowed to act as a chemist, to prepare or sell any medicine, until he has passed a strict examination; and after he has received his patent, he is prevented from selling any poisonous substance until he has appeared before the *préfet de police* to petition for permission to do so, and to inscribe the locality in which his establishment is situated; and even then he is re-

stricted from selling poison except under the prescription of a physician, surgeon, or apothecary, which must be dated, signed, and in which not only the dose is designated, but the manner in which it is to be administered. The pharmacien or chemist is required to copy the prescription at the moment of his making it up, into his register, which he is required to keep for twenty years, to be submitted to the authorities whenever required. Moreover, poisons of all sorts, kept by a chemist, are required to be secured by a lock, the key of which must be in his own possession.

The Parisians have also stringent regulations against the sale of quack medicines, but these are occasionally relaxed, for the reasons here given:

In the west end of Paris, the police have lately permitted chemists to sell Morison's pills, &c.; as they were informed that, unless they allowed the English to swallow their own quack medicines (*remèdes secrets*), in short, that if they were to be stinted from their habit of taking medicine of the composition of which they were utterly ignorant, they—the Bull family—would probably leave Paris in disgust.

Aware of the original profession of the author, that in which he passed many eventful years, we are not surprised at his entering somewhat critically into the merits of the Fortifications of Paris, on which different judgments have been passed. He reviews them with the eye of a practised soldier and engineer, and in terms almost too professional for an ordinary reader. Having consulted some military authorities, we see good cause to believe that the remarks contained in the chapter entitled "The Equarrisseur" (where they would hardly be looked for), have much reason in them.

With the same old reminiscences, and a thorough *carte du pays* in his mind's eye, in giving detailed accounts of the Ecole Polytechnique, the Ecole de St. Cyr, and other military educational establishments, he is led to throw out some reflections on the course recently taken by the War Office and Horse Guards to promote similar objects among the officers of the British service, differing very much from the principles adopted by those authorities. We will not venture to pass an absolute opinion on the merits of the case. The attempt is yet quite new, and not so easy of adjustment, through many contending claims and requisites, as might be supposed. The Secretary at War, and the Commander in Chief are entitled to much credit for their efforts to effect a very desirable improvement, and it is to be hoped that, without determining on a pertinacious adherence to their first arrangements, they will consider the observations made on them by various parties, and take the manly course of modifying that which may be shown to be worthy of alteration.

We cannot quit the military part of our subject, without adverting to the lively chapter on the review, and quoting the animated pictures of the French *vivandières*, for the benefit of those among our readers who are unacquainted with the originals of *la Figlia del Reggimento*:

As we were proceeding along the ranks, I was altogether astonished to find, standing immediately on the right of every regiment, in line with the troops, and as immovably erect as themselves, one or two very nice-looking young women, dressed in scarlet regimental trousers, little short white aprons, and neatly ornamented blue loose frocks. Under each of their left arms they held, supported by a strap that passed diagonally across their breasts, a small barrel, beautifully painted, blue, white, and red, from which there protruded a bright silver cock; on their heads sat a tricolor sort of Scotch bonnet. The dress altogether was wildly picturesque; and the contrast between the soft, smooth chins, slender hands, and small feet of the wearers, compared with the formal uniforms, dark, hairy faces, and rough limbs of the troops, was most striking. They were the *cantinières* of the different regiments; and being, as in my description of the *Casernes* I have explained, the only women in the regiment, they are, naturally enough, petted and adorned in the way I have described.

Detailed accounts are given of all the excellent institutions with which Paris abounds, for the aid of the old and sick; and a just meed of praise is accorded to each. One of the best points in the French character is the respect invariably shown to the aged and infirm; and this is nowhere exhibited to greater advantage than in the Hospice de la Vieillesse, which at present, we are told, harbours five thousand old women, "whose qualification for admission was either bodily or mental infirmities, or, without either of those afflictions, having attained seventy years of age." To these poor creatures every necessary of life is supplied;

they are allowed to see their friends, and every effort is made to enable them to pass the remainder of their days in peace and comfort. Another institution of the same kind is the Hospice des Femmes Incurables, with the difference that here the old women received are all, more or less, invalids. Our author, in describing this establishment, takes an opportunity of pronouncing a just and eloquent eulogium, in which all will sympathize, on the *Seurs de la Charité*, who are ever found, as he most truly says, "in every abode of poverty and misery, intently occupied in doing good to their fellow creatures."

In every scene, and under every circumstance, the French maintain their almost proverbial reputation for politeness; and many a useful hint is given to those travellers who fancy, apparently, that they prove their English sincerity by their *brusquerie*, or reserve of manner: in short, who follow that common habit of our countrymen, of "keeping themselves to themselves." We will conclude our extracts by a scene in an omnibus, illustrative of the good effect produced by a small degree of civility, bestowed in the form of those little attentions, to which the French, of all nations, attach the greatest importance:

On sitting down (in the omnibus) without looking at anybody, but, on the contrary, fixing my eyes on that part of the wood work of the roof immediately before my eyes, I, with the forerunner of my right hand, slightly touched the brim of my hat. The effect it produced was that which I had repeatedly observed. The people of Paris, though they are too polite to appear even to notice it, are constantly offended by the devil-may-care way in which an Englishman, pulling his hat over his eyes, takes his place in a public conveyance; whereas, if he will but perform the slight homage to their presence I have described, he will perceive, by a variety of little movements, that his desire has been not only understood but appreciated. By performing this small magic ceremony, I observed that the 'busful of people were anxious to befriend me in any way, and although it is not the custom in France to talk in an omnibus, yet even that rule was broken in my favour; indeed, I had scarcely seated myself when a young Frenchman opposite to me spoke to me in English; and, as I wished in return to please him, I told him, in reply to his query, that I understood him perfectly, and, to reward him still more, I repeated it in French, that everybody in the 'bus, they were all listening, might hear it. With satisfaction, that could scarcely conceal his humility, he told me he could read English quite as well as French; "boat," said he, pronouncing every syllable very slowly, "eye arm vairi opaque een *spaking* de Aingleesh." I told him that, on the contrary, he expressed himself very transparently.

With so much to admire, he must be a fastidious critic, who would enlarge on slight defects, such as may, with microscopic eye, be discovered in these volumes. At the same time, having been somewhat diffuse in our praise, that we may not bear the appearance of exclusive partisanship, we will venture on a remark, that some conversations are extended beyond the limits required for the point in them; and another, the justice of which will, perhaps, be disputed, but which crosses us at every page; namely, on the literal translation given of every word of French introduced into the text; this, for a language so generally understood, seems puerile; we feel our educational dignity offended by such explanations 'for the benefit of the country gentlemen;' even if not quite masters of the sense of every sentence, we would be too proud to be supposed to want the translation.

We cannot conclude without alluding to an admirable point in Sir FRANCIS HEAD's writings in general, and in this book in particular. There is in them a good humour that nothing can ruffle; a kind-heartedness that will see nothing but the most favourable feature of each scene. We have narrowly looked over his bundle of sticks, and can only find an exceedingly light sprinkling of twigs of that species that is the terror of naughty boys!

A Guide to Advertisers, containing the Art of Advertising, with the Journals classified, and the Amounts and Character of the Circulation of each. By an OLD ADVERTISER. Second Edition. London: E. Wilson.

THE author of this little book truly says that advertising is an art, and there are few, perhaps, in which more money is wasted from ignorance and unskillfulness on the part of the advertiser. Accordingly, the writer proceeds to give the results of his own experience of advertising in the form of rules, with the reasons for

them. Having done this, he supplies the materials by which alone the advertiser can be safely guided in the application of his rules, namely, the actual number of copies sold of every paper, and that which is of equal importance, the character of its circulation, that is, the classes of persons by whom it is read.

For this purpose, the journals are arranged in classes, and against each one is stated the amount of its weekly sale, according to the Stamp Return, and the day and place of publication, and then, in a note, what is the class of persons by whom it is read. In this manner the journals are arranged into several divisions—first, in the order of their circulations, then into those that circulate respectively, 1st. Among the upper classes. 2nd. Among the middle classes. 3rd. Among the lower classes. Then they are subdivided into the political, clerical, legal, medical, commercial, &c. Then the provincial papers are given in like manner, in order of counties; and to make it complete there has been added a useful list of the most usual subjects of advertisement, and the journals peculiarly adapted for them. And all this for *sixpence*. It will save advertisers more pounds in a year than its cost in farthings.

Perseus and his Philosophies. London: Saunders and Otley.

THERE is a great deal of keen wit, sound sense, and learning, in this prose satire on the men and things of our time; but, nevertheless, it wants *interest*. Perhaps it is too desultory: the connection between chapter and chapter, and almost between sentence and sentence, being very difficult to discern. Open it at random, and read the page, and you will be struck by the wisdom that is veiled under a vein of half seriousness, half satire. But read half a dozen pages, and you are perplexed to discover the author's meaning or purpose. It is worse when you have perused the whole book. You lay it down with the exclamation, "What is it all about?" You have a great confusion in your mind between the comic, the serious, the satirical and the truthful. The writer has abilities of no common order, but he wants the capacity or the experience to turn them to the best account. With care and cultivation he may achieve for himself a reputation. But he must choose a better theme, and handle it with more discretion than in *Perseus and his Philosophies*.

A Treatise on Investments. By R. A. WARD, Solicitor. London: E. Wilson.

THE design of this volume is better than its execution. It is intended to give to persons seeking investments such a description of the various securities as might enable them to make choice for themselves, instead of trusting to others. But, beginning with land, he devotes nearly half the volume to what is, in fact, an imperfect legal treatise on conditions of sale and titles, matters which purchasers properly leave to their lawyers, and which are not treated with sufficient fulness to be of any use to the Profession. The remainder of the volume, which describes the funds, tithes, advowsons, life assurance, joint-stock undertakings and mortgages, is much more practically useful. The author may much improve it in a second edition. It is a highly creditable enterprise.

Sophisms of Free Trade. By JOHN B. BYLES, Serjeant-at-Law. 8th edition. London: Seeley.

THIS volume owes its success to the singular *clearness* of the author's style, but it contains quite as many fallacies as it refutes. If its arguments are good for anything they go to this, that all foreign trade is noxious and should be abandoned, and as respects home productions, that machinery is a curse, which, carried to its legitimate results, would restore barbarism and abolish even the spade and the plough. The fallacy that runs through this and all other arguments in the same direction is the omission of the *fact* that the population of this country is greater than it can feed by food of its own production; hence the absolute necessity for supplies from abroad, and hence whatever increases the price of that necessary supply will, *pro tanto*, increase the price of the food produced at home.

Miscellaneous Essays. By the Rev. EDWARD MORGAN, M.A. London: Hope & Co.

A COLLECTION of papers which have been from time to time contributed by the author to the Bath newspapers. Their subjects are very various, from "Lines to Miss G—" and the "Great Sea-Serpent," to "Shakespeare" and "Horace." A considerable proportion relates to the stage, in fact, dramatic notices. Well adapted as were these essays to the place in which they first appeared, there is certainly nothing in them to justify their reproduction in a more permanent form.

The Family Almanac and Educational Register for 1852. London: J. H. Parker.

THE usual contents of an almanac, and a vast body of information beside, are here presented. Among the extra information will be found an account of the Universities, Colleges and Institutions, Foundation and Grammar Schools, Training Institutions for Teachers, National Education, &c. &c. There is also a very complete educational register, and lists of Continental, American, and English public libraries, schools, and principals of schools. It is an excellent family almanac.

Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum Book, is a neat and convenient little pocket-book, published at Sudbury. It contains a collection of the best poetry that has appeared during the past year.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR GIFT BOOKS.

The House on the Rock. By the Author of "The Dream Chintz," &c. London: Wright.

THE Author of *A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam*, has obtained for his Christmas stories a reputation and a circulation, second only to those of DICKENS. Nor is his popularity undeserved. He is a writer of original genius, with a large human heart, a fountain of truest poetry, and a rare power of expression. A fine vein of thought pervades his compositions, and without anything in the shape of preaching, he conveys by the lesson of example, that practical morality which is not so much to be expressed in words as shown in actions. The Christmas story before us possesses all the merits that have made its predecessors so popular. It will be a wholesome gift-book for the season.

THE PAMPHLETEER.

ANOTHER pile of pamphlets has accumulated upon our table. Who buy, who read, who pay for the printing of them? This reflection must cross the minds of all who are practically acquainted with the cost of publishing, and the tendencies of the public taste, which is always averse to anything in the shape of a pamphlet, unless the subject is one of personal interest, and even then, its readers are rather borrowers than buyers. We proceed to notice them briefly, not by way of criticism, to which they are scarcely amenable, but by way of record of the progress of publication. The Rev. S. ROBINSON, M.A., has addressed *A Letter to Lord John Russell, on the Necessity and the Mode of State Assistance in the Education of the People*, in which he very earnestly advocates a modified form of national education.—The Kaffir war has produced two pamphlets, one, *A Brief Notice of the Causes of it*, by Sir A. STOCKEN-STROM, Bart., the Agent of the Colonists, sent here to promote their claims to self-government; on which he lays all the blame of the inception of the war upon the Colonial Office; the other, *Copies of the Correspondence with Lord John Russell, on Representative Government at the Cape*, in which the causes of quarrel with the Colonial Office are made apparent. The Radical party in the colony desires self-government, as they call it, as a means of securing power for themselves.—ROBERT BOOKER, Esq., has sent us a new edition of his *Political Hints*, with a memoir of himself—the latter being much more amusing than the former.—M. JULES GORDON, editor of *L'Univers*, has addressed *A Letter to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., in answer to his Letter to the Earl of Aberdeen*. *L'Univers* is, we believe, the Paris organ of the ultramontane party, and its Editor was, of course, in duty bound to come to the rescue of the King of Naples, as the most faithful of the sons of the Church, and the most willing instrument for the execution of its decrees against the liberties of mankind, and the progress of humanity.—Mr. BOHN has published a Report of the Proceedings at the Meeting over which Sir E. B. LYTTON presided, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on the subject of Foreign Copyright, with notes, in which he points out the true character of a claim which has been singularly misrepresented, or we should rather say, *misunderstood* by the newspapers. In an appendix, he has collected the remarks of those journals which have advocated the protection of British Authors by the exclusion of Americans, except upon terms of strict reciprocity. The treaty with France is a model of that which should be insisted upon with America as the condition of a copyright for her writers in this country.—LAWRENCE HEYWORTH, Esq., M.P., has produced a little work, entitled, *Glimpses of the Origin, Mission and Destiny of Man*, in which he compresses an entire system of Philosophy, much too large for review here; the composition is clear, and shows an intelligent and well-informed mind.—Mr. J. M'GLASHAN, of Dublin, in imitation of our Railway Literature, is bringing out

a series of cheap Readings in Popular Literature, of which three numbers are before us. One is a description of "Ireland Thirty Years ago;" the second, "The Life and Times of G. R. Fitzgerald;" the third, "Ten Years in Australia," by the Rev. D. MACKENZIE. This last is designed for the use of intending emigrants, and contains a vast amount of information very pleasantly conveyed.—Mr. C. KNIGHT has commenced a series which he entitles *Travelling Hours*. The first is appropriately devoted to "Curiosities of Communication," and he details the history and present state of the Road, the Rail, the Telegraph, the Sall and the Steamer, and the Foreign Mails. Another series, by the same enterprising publisher, is in progress, under the name of *The Country House*; and the last number of this treats of "The Poultry Yard," for whose management full instructions are given.—Mr. PITMAN has sent us a copy of the thirtieth thousand of his *Manual of Phonography*, a system of Shorthand which has been well spoken of by those who have learned it, and it is certainly the most simple and easy we have ever seen.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Eclectic Review is the literary organ of the Evangelical Dissenters, and an extremely able and respectable one. The predominance of literature in its pages over sectarianism proving the spread of cultivated tastes among the class in which its readers are found. This number, for instance, contains articles on DIXON'S "Mairwara," "Horace Walpole," CARLYLE'S "Life of Sterling," "The Flax Movement," and "Kossuth." The only papers of a controversial nature being on the "New Reformation in Ireland," "Sacramental Theories," and "Marriage with a deceased Wife's Sister." The writing here is always vigorous, with much original thought, and a generally liberal and enlightened tone prevails throughout.

The Gentleman's Magazine has preserved its place as an Historical and Antiquarian Record, but with introduction of more modern tastes. Its new series must not be looked upon, in the ordinary understanding of the term magazine, as a miscellany of light reading; we have here a monthly gathering of substantial contributions to literature, besides that which, perhaps, constitutes its most permanent value, the complete Obituary, a Biographical History continued from year to year, and preserving rich treasures of fact for future annalists.

Mr. C. KNIGHT'S publications of the month are *Curiosities of Industry and the Applied Sciences*, Part IV, which treats of gold and paper; *Half-hours of English History*, Part VII., a collection of extracts from the best authors relating to our own history, arranged in chronological order, and the XXVIIIth part of *The National Edition of the Pictorial Shakespeare*, which contains the third part of "King Henry VI."

Mr. C. TOMLINSON'S *Cyclopædia of Useful Arts*, Part IV, performs the promise of its earlier parts, is full of useful information, and most profusely illustrated—a valuable addition to the library of the manufacturer and mechanic.

The XIIIth part of the *Pictorial Family Bible* is truly what it is named, a work for the family; it is full of information upon all matters named in the sacred text, and its pages are illustrated with numerous woodcuts, and moreover it is very cheap.

Tallis's Drawing-room Table-Book, for December, contains portraits on steel of Mr. WIGAN, Mrs. VINING, Mr. E. STIRLING, Mr. SILSBEE, and Mr. EMERY, with interesting memoirs.

Tallis's London, Parts XVII. and XVIII. contain no less than twenty metropolitan views with descriptions, making it the most pictorial account of London ever presented to the public, and beyond compare the cheapest.

The Brothers MAYHEW have commenced another satirical tale, to be issued periodically, as a pendant to their *Greatest Plague of Life*, entitled *The Shabby Farmerly, or Some Account of my Missuscs*. As the former exhibited the faults of servants, so this is designed to exhibit the faults of mistresses, and it is to be hoped that both will benefit by the lesson. We need not say that it is done with humour as well as with truth, and the style of the maid-servant is admirably preserved in the composition. It deserves, and will doubtless attain to, equal popularity with its predecessor. The illustration prefiguring the varieties of mistresses is capital.

The Assurance Magazine for October, is a quarterly magazine devoted to Assurance. It contains a great quantity of statistical matter, very valuable to all who take an interest in assurance. Thus, in the present number, we find statistical papers on "The Doctrine of Successive Lives," "Assurance on the Continent," "The Statistics of Suicide," "The Assurance Companies of Belgium," with the "Proceedings of the Institute of Actuaries."

The twelfth volume of *Chambers's Papers for the People*, the best of their many admirable productions, and, as we fear, the last of the series, treats of "Railway Communication," the "Incas of Peru," "What is Philosophy?" "The Progress of America," and a "Memoir of the Duke of Wellington."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY. Victor Cousin's "Principles of the French Revolution and of Representative Government"—F. List's "Collected Writings"—The Marquis de Bouille's "Moral and Political Thoughts and Reflections"—Jean Paul Richter's "Levana," third edition with additions. CRITICISM: Guizot's "Studies of the Fine Arts"—Bligny's "Essay on Amyot and the Translators of the Seventeenth Century." HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY: Dargaud's "History of Mary Stuart." FICTION: Gogol's "Russian Novels, &c."—Menzel's "Monk and Nun"—Eugène Sue's "Memoirs of a Husband." POETRY: Beranger on Marshal Soult—Longfellow's "Golden Legend." THE DRAMA: Sophocles' "Antigone at Munich"—Griepenkeil's "Girondists"—George Sand's "Marriage of Victorine."

WHILE GUIZOT, who for the last twenty years has been mainly a politician, is now deserting politics for letters and ethics, VICTOR COUSIN, who for a similar period has been mainly literary and philosophical, is now (at such a time too!) adventuring into the stormy arena of politics. There are some people who can afford (perhaps) to sneer at COUSIN, the philosopher, as an "eclectic," and superficial reproducer of the opinions of other and deeper thinkers; but we confess we are not among them. No doubt, COUSIN is not original; but a man is not always called upon to be original. There are times when it is his highest duty not to pretend or seek to be original, but humbly to accept and promulgate the doctrine of a predecessor. This is what COUSIN has done. His studious youth fell in that blooming period of German thought when Kantism, Fichteism, and Hegelism disputed the priority in the Teutonic schools. It was to the latest blossom of the Kantian idea, to HEGEL, that COUSIN more particularly attached himself, and few passages of the "biography of philosophy" are more interesting than those which recite the relations of the ardent and inquiring young Parisian to the ever-scheming, and it must be confessed, rather heavy metaphysical oracle of Berlin. Apropos of HEGEL, did our readers ever hear the story of him related in his life by ROZENKRANTZ? Like our own CARLYLE, HEGEL was a terrible talker whenever you gave him the opportunity. Let there be a pause in any conversation of any society where he was present, and in he rolled and prosed away for the hour together. Worshippers in Berlin he had plenty, but still they were people that liked a social glass after dinner, and their game at whist also; and HEGEL was becoming an intolerable bore, impeding the free circulation of the one, and any lively enjoyment of the other. At last, so great did the nuisance become, it was agreed that a round-robin should be presented to him by his disciples, setting forth that invaluable as were the benefits they had derived from his writings, they could do with a little less of his talk, and one of his chief friends and pupils, the well-known VARNHAGEN VON EUSE, undertook to present the document, and "bell the cat," so to speak. The old fellow received it very quietly, and pretended to acquiesce in its purport, but sulked in reality ever afterwards to the day of his death. However, this, as the French say, is *par parenthèse*, and has not much to do with the announcement of COUSIN'S forthcoming work: *Des principes de la Revolution Française, et du Gouvernement Représentatif* ("On the Principles of the French Revolution and Representative Government,") of which a specimen-fragment was published in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Great is German speculation! On the Me, and on the Not-Me; on Being and on Not-Being, on every possibility of existence, save that which is actually embodied in the life and practice of living citizens of the world. KANT has written upon a Universal Peace; FICHTE has drawn an ideal picture of an isolated mercantile community ("geschlossener Handelsstaat,") a sort of philosophical Japan. But the useful science of political economy, has found but few cultivators in Germany. Among these few was Dr. LIST, the well-known German Protectionist, and whose name was a sort of scare-crow, warning off English students from inquiry into German speculation on the science of ADAM SMITH. The Doctor, who exercised a powerful influence during his lifetime on the fiscal and commercial policy of Germany, died not long ago; and a friend and pupil, LUDWIG HAUSER, Professor of History at Heidelberg, is editing, with a memoir the *Gesammelte Schriften* ("collected writings") of

the stiff-necked German politico-economical heresiarch.

Do readers of the History of the First French Revolution remember a certain hard-headed, bronze-hearted Marquis DE BOUILLE, who was a chief agent in the flight of LOUIS XVI. to Varennes, and who nearly turned the current of French history, and of the world's. He had on that memorable occasion, a young son of twenty-one or so, co-operating with him, and who, on the failure of the enterprise, went into exile with him. When the days of the Empire came round, and France meditated the conquest of Europe, the young BOUILLE could remain no longer in the enemy's land, and went to proffer his sword to the great Emperor. He saw it already entwined by the laurels of Victory, when he was struck by a sudden blindness, and had to lag on a merely social life, till last year, when he died in Paris. Not, however, without leaving a slight literary legacy behind him, which was published the other day: *Pensées et réflexions morales et politiques de L. I. A. Marquis de Bouille*. ("Moral and political reflections of L. I. A. Marquis DE BOUILLE") an entertaining and instructive little book, sharp and clear as ROCHEFOUCAULD, and with a French amiability which the great "Maximist" had lost.

Few of JEAN PAUL RICHTER's books have been translated into English, and such of them as have had that good fortune, have not been very much appreciated among us. A dreadfully vague and dreamy man for the practical English mind! One of his books, however, is decidedly practical, his *Levana, or Treatise on Education*, an English translation of which was published a few years ago by Mr. CHAPMAN, while the original (rare luck for a book of JEAN PAUL's), commanded the admiration of the clear and peremptory GOETHE. A third edition of it is just being published by COTTA, with extensive additions from the author's manuscript and unpublished annotations. Intelligence which will be welcome not to many, but to a few.

GUIZOT, hard up, probably, for cash, goes on reprinting any old thing by which he can turn a penny. His latest achievement in this way is his *Etudes sur les Beaux Arts* ("Studies on the Fine Arts,") containing criticisms on Paris exhibitions of pictures so far back as 1810, and is not worth expending many words on. A more interesting book in the department of criticism is the work of a lately-deceased and promising young scholar, AUGUSTE DE BLIGNIERES, *Essai sur Amyot et les traducteurs du dix-septième siècle* ("Essay on Amyot and the translators of the seventeenth century,") a really acceptable contribution to a department far too much neglected now—literary history. The worthy AMYOT, Bishop of Auxerre, though a translator of several classical books, is chiefly remembered as the renderer of Plutarch into French; and though many versions have been executed since his, it still bears away the bell. The time will come when some ingenious scholar among us will write an essay on the translators of the seventeenth century; and it would be well if Mr. BOHN would look a little to past versions of the classics before he gives orders for entirely new ones.

In history, the great achievement of the fortnight is another French Life of MARY, Queen of Scots, *Histoire de Marie Stuart, par M. Dargaud* ("History of Mary Stuart, by M. DARGAUD,") published by FIRMIN DIDOT, of Paris. "What!" the reader will say, "it is but a few weeks since we had M. MIGNET's life of her, and now there is another one." Yes! and there are reasons for ever new French lives of MARY STUART, and for this new one in particular. In the first place, MARY STUART is the one great historical link connecting two nations, most unlike each other, the French and the Scotch, and yet which, for many centuries, were on terms of the greatest amity. And, secondly, there is something in the story and fate of MARY STUART to attract a chivalrous and romantic mind. Thus, not many years ago, the Russian Prince, ALEXANDER LABANOFF, rushed up and down Europe collecting her letters, with a romantic desire to clear her memory. In like manner, M. DARGAUD, as he informs us, being caught in a shower of rain some five years ago, in Paris, took refuge in one of those *Cabinets de Lecture* which abound in the capital of France, and which ought to abound in the capital of England. He laid hold of an old, dry, and almost worthless biography of the unfortunate Scottish Queen. He knew little of her story before, but so deeply was he interested by the meagre version of it, that he laid down the

book, exclaiming, "I shall write her life." Almost the next morning, he was off for Scotland, and the next four years were spent in rambles, historical and topographical, wherever a trait of Queen MARY or her life was to be gathered. The result is, an unexampled collection of details relative to her public and private life; M. DARGAUD's book is a perfect repository and inventory of incident and circumstance. For the rest, while MIGNET's work is a clear but cold summing up of evidence, DARGAUD's is that of a warm and passionate advocate. He does not deny or cloak MARY's guilt, but boldly palliates it. Representing (on no authority) BOTHWELL as from his youth a pirate, he paints MARY as wearied of the frivolities and flirtations of a court, and excusably taking refuge in the sturdy arms of a genuine buccaneer, even at the expense of her husband's life; just as if MEDORA, in BYRON'S *Corsoir*, had killed a spouse or so to attain happiness and CONRAD.

Well! We shall have no more books of travel from Countess IDA VON HAHN-HAHN. Whether the story about her (retailed in last CRITIC) that she was wandering through Berlin in sackcloth and ashes, be true or not, is not worth inquiring now. Letters from Cologne inform us that she has at last taken the veil, and is the inmate of a convent in that antique city of the three Kings. Of the other celebrated German lady-traveller, Madame IDA VON PFEIFFER, a correspondent of our contemporary, *The Athenæum*, narrates that she has arrived at Cape Town, with the view of penetrating into Southern Africa, exploring "unknown lakes," &c., &c.: but, alas! with but the solitary 100*l.* granted her by the Austrian government, and that will go a small way only, in Southern Africa. She had better return to Mr. PFEIFFER, if there be one! The last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, contains the conclusion of M. EUGENE FLANDIN'S *Souvenirs de Voyage en Arménie et en Perse* ("Reminiscences of Travel in Armenia and Persia.") M. FLANDIN was a member of a recent French embassy to the Court of Teheran, and his quick French eye, and lively manner, have made his sketches of Persian things very interesting. At the present moment, with the Shah in possession of Herat, and Russian diplomacy paramount in Persia, that country of ruins has a stronger than usual claim upon our attention. M. FLANDIN is rather more sanguine about its prospects than reason warrants, and looks to some possible great ruler rising up in it suddenly, and making it once more a mighty realm.

The same number of that excellent review, contains an article on three works of the Russian novelist, GOGOL. Really, it is shameful that, with the Czar stepping both westwards and eastwards, Russian literature should remain to England the sealed book that it is. A novel or two (of very indifferent merit), translated by Mr. SHAW, Professor of English Literature in one of the Russian Universities, and a sketch or two from the same hand, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, are positively all that Englishmen have done to forward a knowledge of Russian literature in this country. If our translators, an ever eager band, grudge the trouble of learning Russian, let them turn to the German, and re-translate from that. Some of the best of the novels, and all the poems of PUSHKIN, a Russian BYRON and SCOTT rolled into one, are extant in German, and a version of some of them, even from that source, would be worth the making. Clearly, it is from Russian novels and dramas, and not from so-called "Revelations," that a true knowledge of Russian life and manners is to be got. One of GOGOL's pieces, a little drama, *The Inspector General*, sketched by M. MERIMÉE, in the article referred to, is extremely favourable in this point of view. A Russian provincial capital expects the visit of an Inspector-General from St. Petersburg, and his arrival is looked for with dread by the local authorities, who have been committing all sorts of malpractices. A dissipated and worthless clerk, from St. Petersburg, absent on leave, and who is in fear of arrest for nonpayment of his hotel bill, is mistaken for the great man, and the joke of the piece lies in the bribes and civilities that are showered on him under this impression. What, moreover, is worth noting, is that this piece, though reflecting dishonour on Russian officials, is performed, by permission, on the Russian stage, and M. MERIMÉE (who is a man of sense) is of opinion that the authorities encourage the exposure, with a view of shaming into better conduct.

M. EUGENE SUE, the Democratic-Socialist

"Member for Paris," has just been put into prison (very naturally) by LOUIS NAPOLEON, a little incident which will not fail to afford to a man of his ingenuity and lively fancy an excellent "situation" for some future novel. Before arriving in gaol, however, he had succeeded in publishing volume first of a new tale:—*Fernand Duplessis, ou Mémoires d'un Mari* ("F. D., or Memoirs of a Husband,") which promises to be an interesting story. With all one's objections to M. SUE, it must be confessed that he has vastly improved since *The Mysteries of Paris* and *The Wandering Jew*, and this volume first of his new tale, is really (bating some inevitable improprieties) as nice a book as one could wish to while away an hour withal on a December evening. The scene of it is mostly laid at a Paris boarding school, where the hero FERNAND, a good-natured, impetuous, but facile and weak-minded lad, finds himself one of a triumvirate of most dissimilar friends, the other two being JEAN RAYMOND, a fierce, brave, taciturn, young fellow, the son of Red Republican parents, and HYACINTHE DURAND, whom his schoolfellows call "Missy," so effeminate and delicate is he. One of the best characters in the volume is the hero's grandmother (for he has lost both his parents), Madame DE FRANCHEVILLE, a gay, cheerful, sentimentally Epicurean, old lady of the Voltaire-Diderot School, thrown into the epoch just before the Revolution of 1830, and rather disposed to smile amiably at the Radical excesses which her fashionable friends wish to put down by military musketry and the axe of the executioner. In course of time, the young hero with his pleasant ways so gains upon his fierce schoolfellow, that on an occasional holiday they even visit at each other's houses. FERNAND goes to a frugal lunch at Madame RAYMOND's, a most elegant and beautiful woman (though dreadfully "red"), living in a poor way with her democratic brother concealed in the house, and revolutionary artisans coming extensively about her. At this luncheon she gives RAYMOND a quantity of good advice (quite like Mr. COBDEN), not to enter the army, but to be a chief of industry and so forth; and the young gentleman falls desperately in love with this Madame ROLAND in humble life. Then JEAN RAYMOND goes to a grand dinner at Madame DE FRANCHEVILLE's, where there is nobody but "nobs," and hearing Red Republicans savagely abused, falls a-crying, to the great surprise of the company, and amuggles himself off pretending that he has a head-ache. Next, a young scoundrel, one ANDRE DURAND, is introduced into the school, who pretends to cultivate a disinterested friendship with the trio, but is in reality a Government spy, sent to fish out all he can learn about JEAN RAYMOND's red mother and red uncle whom she harbours. He works upon the facile hero, gets out of him the details of the luncheon, pretends to be very ill, and sends for his uncle (in the employment of Government), who comes to see him in the school-infirmary. There ANDRE repeats all that he has fished out of FERNAND, and off the uncle goes to have the Red Republican (already outlawed for a previous offence) laid by the heels. But who should be in the next bed but HIPPOLYTE, who sends for his two friends, and communicates what he has heard. No names have been mentioned, but it is evident that FERNAND has been an unconscious traitor to JEAN and his mother's luncheon; whereon JEAN casts him off with scorn. Next JEAN's uncle is arrested, and delivered just at the guillotine by a band of Reds,—a scene which is described in SUE's best and most spirited manner. A few years pass away. The hero is in the service of CHARLES X., and a great "man about town," still amid his dissipation, cultivating the serene memory of Madame RAYMOND; although, of course, he never sees her son, and has quite parted company with HIPPOLYTE. All of a sudden, he falls in with the latter who is a poor clerk in the ministry of the interior, and has a very pretty wife, with whom the hero is evidently going to strike up rather a dangerous flirtation; when vol. I. comes to an end. The contrast between the characters of the three schoolfellows is very skilfully delineated, and an austere virtuous Red Republicanism loses nothing by it.

Of German fictions, the one that has made the most noise lately is the long-announced novel by WOLFGANG MENZEL, the well-known historian, journalist, and critic, entitled *Furor: Geschichte eines Mönchs und einer Nonne aus dem dreissigjährigen Kriege* ("Story of a Monk and a Nun, from the period of the Thirty Years' War,")

which the German critics praise as a lively and variegated picture of that period of turmoil and confusion.

"Poetry, thou loveliest maid," is apt to be driven into private life in the chaos of a world-revolution like that which now envelopes the human race. Yet here and there her tones are still heard, were it only from Yankee-land. BÉRANGER is said to have composed some stanzas on the death of SOULT, the great soldier (and picture-dealer), which, in the present state of affairs, are, it is further reported, to be published first in this country. And from the quiet academic haunts of New England's chief University, Professor LONGFELLOW sends his "Golden Legend," a Faustian poem, full of every variety of metre, a perfect musical snuff-box of rhythmic tunes.

In the history of the continental drama, there are one or two, or even three, recent incidents worth the chronicling. The *Antigone* of SOPHOCLES has been performed at the Court Theatre of Munich, in honour of the young King's birthday, and with great success, Professor THIERSCH, the famous Greek scholar and professor, touching up DONNER's version for the occasion. And Professor GRIEFENKEIL, of Brunswick, the author of a drama called *Robespierre*, which pleased mightily in the closet, but was unsuccessful on the stage, has taken warning by his failure, and is going up and down Germany reading, to delighted audiences, a tragedy called the *Girondists*, of which VERGNAUD is the hero, and CHARLOTTE CORDAY the heroine. And last, not least, GEORGE SAND has successfully brought out, at the Paris *Gymnase*, a new comedy in three acts, *Le Mariage de Victorine* ("Victorine's Marriage.") This is the VICTORINE who didn't get married in SEDAIN's *Philosophe sans le savoir*—SEDAINE whom DIDEROT called "a nephew of SHAKESPEARE." Madame SAND, however, gets her married amid the applause of the audience of the Paris *Gymnase*.

Notice sur la Vie Militaire et Politique du General Bem. [An Account of the Military and Political Life of General Bem.] By J. B. OSTROWSKI. Paris: Dépôt, Rue de Bussy.

Die Ungarischen Flüchtlinge in der Türkei. [The Hungarian Refugees in Turkey.] Leipzig: Friedrich Ludwig Herbig. 1851.

GENERAL KLAPKA, in a recently-published work, thus speaks of BEM:—"BEM's campaigns in Transylvania form a classical addition to modern military science. In the Pantheon of Generals, his name will shine for ever with unfading brilliancy."

The history of General BEM possesses a double point of interest, from his personal vicissitudes, and because he represented the Polish element in the Hungarian Revolution. His devotedness, his humanity, his sense of justice, even more than his intrepidity and military genius, command for him the respect due to a truly great character, nor can these merits be disputed even by his political opponents. Ardent in action, patient but unsubdued in suffering, he preserved in exile the consolation of having done all in his power not only to assist, but to ennoble the cause he had espoused.

The revolutionary period of 1848 was distinguished by a principle apparently grand in theory, but which contained the elements of pure egotism, and consequently of destruction—the principle of nationality based on unity of race. Indeed, it was a very charming dream, that of being able to re-unite the scattered families of the earth, each under its peculiar head, and reversed the proposition of the Holy Despots of 1815, who at the Congress of Vienna, parted kingdoms without entering into such trivial details as the total difference of race, language, institutions, tastes, dispositions, and habits between the parties to govern and to be governed. It was, therefore, a natural circumstance, and in accordance with the laws of re-action, for the continental revolutionists and reformers of 1848, to combine with the idea of national independence, that of unity of race. So natural, that even monarchs were struck by views of its propriety. The King of Prussia offered no objection to rule the United Germans; the King of Sardinia felt disposed to accept the crown of United Italy; the Emperor of Russia issued oracular manifestos to proclaim his paternal relation with Slavonian unity; and the Emperor of Austria, who by chance held a sceptre over various members of all the different families, did not by any means dis-

courage the wholesome working of a little exclusive family pride, which placed the barrier of a bitter rivalry between next door neighbours, whose intimacy might have disturbed the repose of the palace, since "evil communications corrupt good manners."

In this state of affairs, as reformers and the heads of established governments were so well agreed, nothing seemed easier than to shake hands, and settle in peace and harmony. However, difficulties existed still. United Germany and United Italy, contained numerous states and fractions having no common tie of sympathy. United Germany also had acquired certain provinces peopled by men of another race, which it did not appear necessary to part with, while, on the contrary, a little band of enlightened Germans were in the hands of barbarous Danes. They must be rescued. Such obstacles complicated considerably the question of nationality and of race, and might have held learned doctors in doubt for the next century, but some one discovered a formula belonging to the archives of human nature, and applied it thus:—"Let every race take care of its own nationality, and enlarge its border by crushing the nationality of every other race."

We are not about to discuss the affairs of Europe, but these few words of explanation are requisite to show wherein lay the real greatness of General BEM. He asserted the inviolable truth that every nation that would defend its own right, must respect the rights of others; and the success which attended his efforts, almost superhuman as they were, proves, in opposition to the usual maxim of expediency, that a consistent theory is the life of action. BEM's presence among the Magyars, and his exertions to reconcile with them their subjected races, placed him in a separate rank from the revolutionists of his day. His clear eye read the evil, and the necessity of the time. He rested the principle of resistance upon no fancied sentiment but the broad foundation of justice, and dignified the cause to which he fell a martyr.

M. OSTROWSKI's notice of BEM's career is brief, but it is the contribution of a man whose own integrity has been tried, and whose talent has secured him a record in the memorials of Europe. A member of the Polish government in 1831, his position enabled him to observe the under-current of events, and he can, therefore, bear personal testimony to the superiority of his countryman.

The Hungarian Refugees, is a collection of facts concerning the emigration, from the diary of one of the fugitives, translated into German from the Hungarian. The author exhibits no preference for the Poles and their Generals, although he acknowledges their courage and fidelity during the Hungarian war, and thus corroborates the statements of more partial historians. Our first extracts are from OSTROWSKI's memoir:

Joseph Bem was born in Austrian Poland, and commenced his military career in the Polish army of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, which Napoleon had created in earnest of his promise to reconstruct the Ancient Kingdom of Poland. He continued in the service of his country after the Allied Powers, at the Congress of Vienna, had yielded the Grand Duchy to the dominion of Russia under guarantee that the free institutions and nationality of the Poles should be maintained inviolate. But Bem's patriotism drew upon him the suspicions of the Muscovite Government, and he retired from the army a few years previous to the Polish revolution in 1830.

At the commencement of that insurrection, Bem offered his services, but Austrian vigilance rendered it impossible for him to reach the scene of warfare, till after the celebrated battle of Grochow, where 30,000 Poles sustained the shock of 100,000 Russians, protected by 300 cannon. The battle of Grochow elevated the Polish army to the rank of the first armies of the world.

Named Colonel of Artillery, Bem commanded a battery of twelve pieces on the terrible day of Ostrolenka, May 25, 1831. By a movement of bold inspiration at the moment of greatest peril, Bem quitted his position, rushed forward with his cannon, and crushed as it were, the advancing masses. The Russians were checked by this act, and by the devoted heroism of the division under Rybinski, and the Polish army effected a secure retreat. For this service, Bem was promoted to the rank of General. Rybinski was the last Generalissimo of the Polish army, remarkable for military talent, and no less esteemed for his integrity and irreproachable character. He was invited to Rome immediately before the French intervention, but declined the command of the Roman republican army and the offer of 100,000 francs, because he would not take arms against the

soldiers of a nation whose hospitality had been extended to him during many years of exile.

At the close of the Polish Revolution, after the evacuation of Warsaw, several voices summoned Bem to the chief command. He refused, believing that a longer resistance presented no chances of success, and preferred voluntary exile to dishonour, and the renouncement of his nationality. Even in these disastrous circumstances, his indefatigable activity was the means of rescuing a considerable number of Polish soldiers from the Prussians, who forced them, at the point of the bayonet, to re-enter the Russian territory. The ferocious Prussian massacre of unarmed Polish soldiers at Fischau, cannot be forgotten.

When the Poles quitted their native soil, they carried with them hope of a speedy return: they had not calculated the supineness of the Western Governments of Europe, who neglected every opportunity to place a barrier against the encroachments and ambition of the common foe. From 1831 to 1848, the active spirit of General Bem was occupied in projects of every description. The experience of 1848 convinced him that no aid was to be expected from the policy of the French Government, and he left Paris alone, and without resources. His means for the future, he proposed to create amidst the vast confusion of Eastern Europe. His first visit was to Austrian Poland; there he found no elements for a successful struggle. The massacres of 1846 organised by the paternal government of Austria, and the insane doctrines of the Democratic Polish society, had completely paralysed the strength of the country. There were neither funds nor arms; the duplicity of the Austrian cabinet had feigned to accord a certain amount of liberty, only for the purpose of securing a safe re-action. The flames of Cracow and Leopold, proved the correctness of Bem's judgment. Austria attempted to renew the massacres of 1846. The Minister Schwartzemberg-Stadion, in his official proclamations, expressly recommended murder and pillage, anarchy and communism! The Polish peasants were not sufficiently advanced, and the social war was not again provoked.

Bem next proceeded to Vienna, from whence after the failure of the revolution in that city, he escaped in disguise, and made his way to Pesth.

The moment of Bem's arrival appeared the signal for those brilliant successes which filled with hope the heart of the Hungarian nation. But his task was as much political as military. As the Polish ally of the Magyars, and at the same time a member of the Slavonian family, his first endeavour was to reconcile the Hungarians to the Slavonian races under their dominion by relieving the latter from every remnant of oppression, and to found the principle of Hungarian independence upon that of respect for the nationality of the subject races. Appointed Governor of Transylvania Bem had everything to create; 10,000 soldiers, more or less practised, at his disposal, he entered a country occupied by the Austrians and torn by internal dissensions and conflicting interests. With means so insufficient to launch him on a sea of difficulty, Bem not only raised a magnificent army but inspired it with his own faith and enthusiasm. The gratitude of Kosuth was not inferior to the services of the Polish General,—Bem's entry into Debreczin was a national triumph, and every mark of honour was showered upon the conqueror of the Austrian and Russian forces. He was made Governor-General of Transylvania and member of the council of ministers. Distinctions of a different kind awaited him, and he nearly perished by the hand of an assassin.

The Czar, Nicholas, the Christian Monarch, and protector of European order, set a price upon the head of the victorious General, and promised as reward for his destruction the sum of 160,000 francs, an example of imperial munificence.

A short period only intervened from the day of triumph to the day of defeat. The giant grasp of the Russian power fixed already upon the uplifted arm of Hungary. But within the compass of time that lies between the development of the Hungarian struggle and its sudden close is contained a whole revolutionary history of military movements, practical difficulties and political agitation, to which we cannot now do more than allude. Doubts rising into tumult, emulation growing into rivalry and darkening into hatred, uncertainty in council, confusion in the field, these are incidents inseparable from insurrections, apparent after failure, and by turns the cause and effect of great disasters.

The account of *The Hungarian Fugitives in Turkey* commences with a short notice of the last clouded days of the Hungarian war. The author claims the merit of perfect impartiality, and refuses to lay upon one man the weight and stigma of the common ruin. Although he states, "to secure popular favour KOSUTH must be exalted beyond the reach of blame, and GEORGY

stamped as traitor and destroyer of his country." He gives a melancholy description of the sufferings, destitution and confusion of the army after the fatal battle of Temeswar, of the danger and misery endured by the flying leaders and their companions who sought refuge in Turkey, and of the exiles' deep and painful emotion when the tidings of GEORGE'S unconditional surrender was announced to them before their own safety was secured by the termination of their flight, for this tale reached them on their painful journey; whether or not KOSSUTH had previous reason to suspect the integrity of the military commander, he addressed to him these words in a letter written so late as the 23rd of July: "I know that no man, not excepting even myself, loves the Fatherland better or more sincerely than you do." The chiefs of the insurrection fled separately and passed the frontier as they best could. BEM'S escape, we are told—

Was like his whole career, a wonder and a fable. He, to whom the impossible was unknown, had remained the last upon the Polish battle field in 1830. At the Vienna Revolution, 1848, he first began to think of flight when the stormed city was about to capitulate, yet he succeeded in disguise to evade the vigilance of soldiers who on all sides surrounded the place. In the Hungarian war, when he regained the whole of Transylvania with astonishing celerity and skill, first repulsing Puchner alone, and then driving back the combined Austrian and Russian forces twice into Wallachia, his military glory attained its culminating point. His army, which like a magician, he created from nothing, repaired its losses, and, continually renewed, admired and loved him, even the enemy could not withhold their homage to his brilliant genius, his masterly tactics and unexampled bravery. His troops were never equal to the foe's in number, but he was in himself an army, and carried in his fertile brain a host well organized of active myrmidons, so with comparatively few men he constantly performed the most gigantic feats. Amidst the fearful labyrinth of our war he resembled a superior being in alliance with men of ordinary mould, he was the visible and invisible, present and absent, inviolable terror of the war. The aim of innumerable balls, his life was still preserved, at one time lying with the dead on the field of battle, he appeared again renovated like a Phoenix; our szeklers, who called him "Papa Bem" as the regenerator of their country, declared they had seen with their own eyes a bullet strike his breast without causing him to swerve. His talents were most conspicuous in the direction of the artillery; his manœuvres and evolutions with the Hungarian cannon were extraordinary, he could sustain the ball play with 24, 18, 12, and 6 pounders at once, and manage these in a manner none could practise but himself. Truly he burst in a tempest of thunder and lightning upon the clouded atmosphere of our revolution, and had this great master of the cannon power perished upon the field, it was said the din of Muscovite artillery would have aroused him even from the last sleep.

As the combined Russians and Austrians a second time entered Transylvania in immense force, Bem's courage did not waver; he anticipated the certain victory of our army in Hungary, nor doubted his own success, for he had often before engaged and conquered an overwhelming number. But Luders drove him from Hermannstadt when Hafzord had failed, and the star of our fortune and of Bem's began to sink together.

After another severe conflict with the Russians, which occasioned them great loss, Bem went to take part in the unfortunate battle of Temeswar. It was already begun when he arrived; he placed himself at the head, but with no fortunate result. He still desired to try the issue of another battle, and with that view to concentrate the remainder of the army. Aided by the heroism of KMETY, Bem was enabled to effect his retreat and join Count Becsey's brigade; he wished to return and renew the combat in Transylvania, but Becsey had no faith in the future, and was disposed rather to adopt GEORGE'S by-play than to follow Bem; he quitted therefore with his army, the old general, undaunted to the last, who prophesied as soon as resistance was at an end, the enemy would hang up Becsey.

Thus abandoned and without an army, Bem urged several of the officers to fly and conduct him over the mountains into Wallachia, and thence to Turkey. His faithful adherent, the Lieutenant of the Palatine Hussars, Weppeler, immediately undertook with 500 hussars to protect the flight; these were joined by a troop of Polish lancers, and the company together made their way over an almost inaccessible path which the salt smuggler alone was ever accustomed to traverse. The journey was terrible, in places the horsemen were obliged to dismount and creep or scramble or leap over the perilous passes as they were able. Notwithstanding the greatest care twenty men and their horses perished on the way, and old Bem, whose muscular, nervous and

bony system, whose entire corporeal frame was so shattered with shots and scars and wounds that no sound spot could be found on his whole body, came happily and without accident through the dangers of this fearful journey.

In the late battle, General KMETY with devoted heroism, had covered the retreat of BEM'S and GUYON'S troops by opposing his little band of several thousand men to the enemy's force of twenty times their number, during a fierce unequal conflict which lasted half a day; his chivalrous duty accomplished, KMETY and some companions reached with difficulty the Wallachian village, Merul; they were immediately surrounded by a savage mountain horde who never showed pity or relenting towards man, woman, or child, attached to the Hungarian cause. On this occasion they prepared to slaughter cruelly the helpless fugitives; a pile was raised destined as the instrument of death in its most hideous shape, but at the very point of execution a sudden cry proclaimed the approach of imperial soldiers, the Wallachians threw away the torch they were about to kindle, and the poor captives congratulated each other even at this prospect of destruction in a milder form.

Several of the Wallachians now stepped forward to meet the approaching cavalry and announced with great pride and satisfaction their capture of the Hungarian rebels, the chastisement they intended to inflict, and the pleasure they felt in resigning their prisoners to the disposal of the "highly honoured" imperial army. The intelligence was not received with the sympathy anticipated, but with a furious look, fire-flashing eyes and a voice of thunder, the commander communicated the incident to his men, lances and swords were put in action instantly, the Wallachians attacked, the place strewn with dead bodies, and covered with blood before the terrified wretches understood the nature of the affray, they dispersed in the wildest disorder, many of the sorely wounded Wallachians invoking curses upon the imperial soldiers who thus repaid their fidelity. While the liberated Hungarians uttered a benediction not upon the imperial but the Polish lancers of good Father Bem! The lancers formed the *avant-garde* of the old general, in a few minutes Father Bem himself came up with his hussars, and it is easy to imagine his emotion at the deliverance of one of his dearest companions in arms, whose recent service he had thus signally returned.

In his prosperous days, Bem had always divided his money with his soldiers; when he arrived at Widdin, therefore, he possessed only two denats. The Hungarian officers proposed to raise a subscription but Zamoisky would not permit the intention to be carried into effect, and furnished the necessary supply to his illustrious countryman. During the month of September, about 5,000 and some hundreds of Hungarians, Poles, Italians, and others had assembled at Widdin. Here, bitter suffering awaited the exiles: the Hungarian soldier is inured to hardships, sleeps in the snow, and defies the power of winter, but here, while their leaders were exposed to severe privations, the destitution of the poor Rouvets was complete; in the course of two months 400 out of 5,000 men died in utter want, their bed the bare ground beneath the open sky, and not a physician or a friend near to administer a little comfort in their last moments.

The most painful uncertainty with regard to their future destiny weighed upon the spirit of the exiles. About 200 accepted the invitation of the Turkish government, and professed themselves followers of MAHOMET, but unbounded astonishment prevailed when it became known that BEM, who never knew fear, was amongst that number. An approaching war between Turkey and Russia was currently reported as the explanation.

The ceremonies of initiation are at present very simple, the whole solemnity consists in the convert appearing before the Pasha and declaring in the Imam's presence that he embraces of free-will and without compulsion, the faith of Islam. He then repeats the words, "Allah il Allah, Muhamed rassoul Allah." "There is one God and Mahomet is his prophet." A red fez with blue band is placed upon his head, which concludes the profanation, and the new-made Musselman is regaled with coffee and chibouks.

This event separated BEM from KOSSUTH and his Christian companions, who were closely watched and treated with increased severity. A novel occurrence some time afterwards varied the monotony of the scene; two Hungarian women, Christians, married two renegades, and singularly enough the ceremony was performed by a Catholic priest. BEM devoted his energies to the Turkish service, and the last remarkable circumstance of his life was a noble act of interference by which

he rescued some of the Christian subjects of Turkey from the oppression of official tyranny.

In the month of January, 1851, the Pesti Napolo brought us the intelligence of Bem's death, the particulars are extracted from a letter dated Aleppo, December 10:—"For the duration of General Bem's banishment a higher power has interposed; I am now returned from his funeral. You know I do not attach much importance to ceremonies, but it is a peculiar feeling for an exile to see the companion of his fate accompanied by foreign rites to his grave in a foreign land; his illness was neither long nor painful; the four last weeks he continued to ride out. Several attacks of fever he disregarded altogether, and hardly three or four days previous to his death could he be persuaded to consult a physician. His dwelling lay very low between a garden and the bank of a river, the physicians unanimously pronounced the situation unhealthy, but Bem paid no attention to this opinion. On hearing of his illness I visited him yesterday morning to induce him to return to the city, but, however, in vain. He assured me he felt already better, and should be recovered in a few days. During the half hour I spent with him he talked almost without intermission, but the difficulty with which he spoke caused me great anxiety. His speech was so inarticulate I could only occasionally comprehend a few words. In the afternoon a consultation of physicians took place: he was dying when they arrived. They pronounced his frame weakened by the effect of wounds and fatigue, incapable of resisting the attack of fever, but considered his life might have been prolonged had he not refused with such obstinacy to quit his unwholesome residence. Towards evening he complained of pain, but said later, "it is gone." From midnight till two o'clock he slept uninterruptedly, and then died.

"This morning we attended the funeral. At ten o'clock, on our arrival, we found several persons engaged in dressing and washing the body, while the Mollah prayed. After the washing he was wrapt in a sheet fastened at the head, round the middle, and at the feet, and thus placed in the coffin. A military funeral was till now unknown in Turkey. The Commandant, Kerim Pasha, the French and English consuls, many officers and a crowd of soldiers were present, and before this numerous conduct rode twenty or thirty Mollahs, hideously intoning the 'La Ilaha, illala.'

"We carried him to the gate and would have borne him to his resting-place, but the Turkish rites did not permit our doing so. A throng lined the whole distance, every one pressing forward to carry him a few steps and then resign the burthen to another. At the cemetery the prayers were said, the body taken from the coffin, and, with the head towards Mecca, laid in a grave five or six feet deep; the fastenings of the sheet were then cut and the grave covered with large flat stones. Bem's promise to relate to us the history of his life could not be fulfilled.

"General Bem was fifty-six years of age, but he appeared much older. His body was uncommonly attenuated, but his energetic mind retained its power to the last moment. His conversation was lively and intelligent, and the French language, in particular, he spoke perfectly. He left no memoirs, and his correspondence was burnt at his express desire. Before his death he dictated two letters—one to General Bisoczky, in which he regretted that he must quit the world without having witnessed the re-establishment of Poland, his dear country. The second letter contained words of reconciliation addressed to KOSSUTH, with whom he had remained at variance since the latter had yielded the Dictatorship to GEORGE.

"The French Consul and his secretary, General KMETY, and several other persons, with two Imams, and the servants of General Bem, were present at his death-bed."

We have devoted so much space to extracts which refer to the most remarkable man in the Hungarian revolution, that we cannot afford room to render an account of the work that contains them. The Turks were not deficient in hospitality, for we are told the fugitives were well lodged in Kiutayah. KOSSUTH received 10,000, and the remaining chiefs from 4,000 to 2,000 piastres monthly. Amongst the exiles who remain in Asia are General KMETY, now KIAMIL PASHA, and STEIN, now FEHRAD PASHA. GUYON serves as Christian in the Turkish army, and Dr. SAAL is staff physician.

MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

BY CELSUS.

I. NEW BOOKS.

DR. RAMSBOTHAM'S OBSTETRIC MEDICINE AND

SURGERY, 3rd edit. pp. 726, with 120 illustrations on steel and wood. Churchill, London, 1851.—This new edition contains a great amount of good new matter, without any increase in the price or size of the volume; the enlarged space being obtained by making the pages considerably broader and longer. The illustrations are more numerous than formerly, and in some cases improved drawings have been substituted. The work, taking it all in all, is second to none as a sound digest of practical obstetrics. The author has embodied his views upon the use of *ANÆSTHESIA IN LABOUR*; and coming from one of so much enlightenment and experience they cannot fail to influence considerably both the profession and the public. He is much opposed to the administration of chloroform or ether in parturition. Perhaps his protest is too decided and unlimited. The question as to the propriety of anæsthesia in labour ought to be one for the determination of practitioners, at the time they are in actual attendance; general rules being laid down by skilful accoucheurs, as guides to the circumstances in which it is likely to be useful; or, on the other hand, to indicate the cases in which, without hazard, the patient might be allowed to decide the question for herself. "I can well imagine," says Dr. Ramsbotham, "the sonorous *Io triumphe*, with which the advocates for anæsthesia in obstetric medicine will direct attention to the long phalanx of females who have been delivered under the *soothing action* of ether and chloroform; to the exultation with which they will exclaim, 'away with all reasoning on the subject: let experience alone guide us. How can you get over the fact, that thousands of women have inhaled ether and chloroform in their trouble, to the obliteration of the poignant pangs of parturition, to the annihilation of the *shock of labour*, to the shortening of the process, to the facilitation of their recovery; and this, too, without the superinduction of a single casualty!' I sincerely wish I could believe that this were true to its fullest extent; for I would hail with exceeding joy any means, by which safety was not compromised, to relieve the severity of a protracted or an unusually painful labour. What man, indeed, is there of feeling, or of common humanity who would not gladly transform 'a work of physical anguish into one of painless muscular effort,' who would not ardently desire to remove 'pangs and torture that would otherwise be inevitable?'" * * * For I must acknowledge, that this glowing description of Dr. SIMPSON, although not applicable to the generality of labours, is but too faithful a picture of some. They are, however, fortunately rare, and form the exception, and not the rule. But is it really the case, that no accidents have happened under the use of anæsthetics during labour? Deaths have assuredly occurred from its administration under such circumstances; and the words of Dr. Meigs are so graphic, and so well describe my own sentiments, that I cannot forbear to quote them: 'Should I exhibit the remedy for pain to a thousand patients in labour, merely to prevent the physiological pain, and for no other motive, and if I should, in consequence, destroy only one of them, I should feel disposed to clothe me in sackcloth, and cast ashes on my head for the remainder of my days.'" (pp. 168, 169.) Dr. R. enters at length into an explanation of his objection to the use of anæsthesia in parturition, mentioning the fatal cases recorded and pointing out the causes of death, as well as certain "minor evils," such as puerperal convulsions, all which occasionally result from the practice. I have not space at my command to give quotations sufficiently extended to afford a full view of his opinions, but it may be useful to call attention to the following sentences, as containing truths which cannot be too much impressed both on patients and practitioners. "There should be no *shock*, properly so called, communicated to the patient in a well-conducted case of common labour. It appears to me, indeed, that a much greater shock is likely to be induced by the anæsthetic agents themselves. In labour they can be had recourse to, with no other intent than to assuage suffering; and it is our bounden duty to take care that the means used for that purpose are not calculated to produce greater distress and injury than the sufferings which they are intended to abolish. For it is a maxim that cannot sink too deeply into the mind of the young practitioner, that to employ dangerous remedies for non-dangerous cases is at variance with the established principles of our art.'" (p. 173.) The following illustration of PUBLIC CREDULITY in

1276, on medical subjects, is on a par with that prevailing in 1851 regarding infinitesimal doses, magnetoid currents, clairvoyance and the Mormon instantaneous cures of diseases.* "The most miraculous instance of supposed fecundity in a human female is that of the Countess Henneberg, recorded on a marble tablet, which still is, or at least was, in the church of Lonsdunen, near Leyden. The monument bears the following announcement:

En tibi monstrostrum nimis et memorabile factum,
Quale nec a mundi condicione datum
Ostendam.

After which lines follows a prose account of the miracle; to wit, that Margaret, wife of Hennen, Earl of Henneberg, and daughter of Florence, the fourth Earl of Holland and Zealand, being about forty years old, upon Easter-day, 1276, at 9 A.M., was brought to bed of 365 children, all of which were baptized in two brazen basins by Guido, the suffragan of Utrecht. The males, how many so ever there were of them, were christened John, and all the daughters Elizabeth; who, all together with their mother died on the same day; and with their mother lie buried in this church of Lonsdunen." This supernatural infliction is accounted for on the principle of retributive justice; for we are informed that the Countess, being solicited for alms by a poor woman who was carrying twins, shook her off with contempt, declaring that she could not have had them by one father; whereupon the poor woman prayed to God to send her as many children as there were days in the year; which came to pass as is briefly recorded in this table for perpetual recollection, testified as well by ancient MSS. as by many printed chronicles," (pp. 704.) In reference to this extravagant relation, Dr. Ramsbotham points out, that by a combination of medical ignorance and ecclesiastical superstition, the story may, possibly, not have been without some slight foundation.

CHIT-CHAT AND DISCOVERIES.

TARTAR EMETIC ADMINISTERED BY CUTANEOUS ABSORPTION.—There is no medicine in the whole range of the *Materia Medica* by which greater or more diversified benefits can be produced than the Tartrate of Antimony and Potash; and from this very circumstance, it is often resorted to, with dangerous and fatal consequences, by prescribing druggists, and too bold mothers. Many young children are brought to a state of irrecoverable depression by its too free use for croupy and catarrhal affections, by inexperienced persons. If circumstances render it proper for a mother to administer an emetic in the absence of skilled advice, it will be safer for her to give ipecacuan in preference to an antimonial preparation; and she ought always to bear in mind, that if a croupy infant, or a child oppressed with an accumulation of mucus in the chest does not vomit after one or two doses of either of these medicines, they are certain to exert a depressing influence, which if the air passages be blocked up, will constitute one of the most serious and critical conditions in which a medical man can be called to give succour to an infant. The recent publication of a paper by M. JULES GUÉRIN, or rather its inaccurate quotation at second hand, has given rise to the idea that some of these dangers may be obviated by the endermic use of the tartar emetic—the administering of it by cutaneous absorption. This plan, however, is rarely available; for as is well known, its application to the skin causes the eruption of large and painful pustules, rendering this a most excellent method of employing counter-irritation in various pulmonary diseases, such as incipient phthisis, chronic bronchitis, and the bronchitis of hooping-cough. The statement which GUÉRIN really has made is this:—That in certain diseases there exists a condition of the skin which resists the pustulent action of tartar emetic, even when daily inunctions are used for a month. He believes that in such cases there is a condition of *tolerance* in the skin, analogous to the gastric tolerance of the drug familiar to physicians, and which is so strikingly manifested in pneumonia. He also thinks, that when the inunctions do not pustulate, the medicine acts by cutaneous absorption. The memoir of Guérin was read to the Belgian Academy of Medicine on the 26th July; but it appears from the *Union Médicale* of 4th December, that similar views

were set forth in 1828 by Dr. DUPARQUE, in the *Nouvelle Bibliothèque Médicale*. He there, among various statements to the same effect, has the following remark:—"Nous pourrions rapporter bon nombre de faits qui constatent les avantages que présente le tartar stibié employé en frictions, de manière qu'il y ait absorption sans formation de pustules, dans les péripneumonies, les pleurésies, les métror-péritonites," &c.

DEPRESSION OF THE CHEST FROM POSTURE SIMULATING THE DEPRESSION OF PHTHISIS.—Some interesting remarks upon this subject appear from the pen of Dr. SCOTT ALISON in the *The London Journal of Medicine*, for December. The influence of posture in occupation in inducing depression is illustrated; and the diagnosis between it and the same alteration in the form of the thorax resulting from phthisis is pointed out. Depression the result of posture is to be known "by the absence of the other signs of that disease, such as the prolonged expiration, the decided dulness on percussion, the reduced vesicular breathing, the increased resonance in the early stages, the cavernous respiration, pectoriloquy and the other sounds emanating from cavities in the structure of the lungs, in the third stage. When the depression is the result of posture, for the most part the loss of room in the cavity of the chest in one side is compensated for, by a corresponding amplification of the other; and when the whole upper part of the chest is depressed, an increase of room is secured for the lungs and heart, by the gibbous back. On the other hand, depression of the ribs consequent upon tubercular deposit has no compensation, for this reason, that the depression is the result of the reduced contents of the chest, and follows, *pari passu*, upon the internal reduction. In this case nothing internal is displaced, so there is no occasion for an increase of space elsewhere." In the weak and sickly, depression from posture being common, it often leads a young practitioner erroneously to declare a case to be consumption; on the other hand, it must be remembered, that in such subjects, the depression resulting from posture may frequently co-exist with phthisis. Dr. ALISON believes that "the resonance of the chest is due less than is usually credited to the quantity of air in the lungs, and that it is materially affected by the form of the bony frame." He draws an analogical argument from the formation of musical instruments. He says:—"The sounding-board of some pianos is somewhat arched, in order to increase the sound; and when by any accident this form is reduced, the sound is proportionably lost. The arched form of other musical instruments favours this resonance. It is not otherwise with the human thorax. Such being the case, the student in order that he may the more accurately appreciate the sounds of the thorax, as signs of the condition of the contained viscera, would do well to make himself acquainted with the respective sounds of the different kinds of thorax in health, as a preliminary to the study of those of the same part in disease."

PROVINCIAL MEDICAL AND SURGICAL ASSOCIATION.—At Brighton, in August last, the next anniversary was appointed to be held at Manchester: but this decision has been set aside by the Central Council, who have fixed upon Oxford. This change of place may be quite unobjectionable: but it is surely an anomalous proceeding for a small number of members—even though that number be the executive—to set aside a deliberate vote of the whole body assembled in a general anniversary meeting. The Central Council in announcing the change of the place of meeting, give a curious explanatory statement. Soon after the Brighton meeting, Sir Charles Hastings, as President of the Central Council, received a pressing invitation from the late Dr. Kidd, for the Association to hold an early meeting at Oxford; and he said, that as he could not expect to be spared much longer, he hoped that the Manchester members might waive their claim to 1852, in favour of Oxford. This was communicated to the Manchester Council, who gave up their right to have the meeting of 1852 held in that town. The Central Council then appointed Oxford as the place of meeting for 1852, and Dr. Ogle was nominated President Elect, instead of Mr. Wilson, of Manchester. This arrangement was scarcely completed, when Dr. Kidd was suddenly removed by death; and the question was thus again thrust upon the Central Council:—*Whether the meeting should be held in Manchester or at Oxford?* Dr. Ogle and the members of the profession at Oxford, whilst they expressed their desire to have the meeting at

* In the serial publications of the MORMONITES, pretended, miraculous and instantaneous cures are announced with the most minute circumstantiality; and the addresses of the parties cured, and also of several witnesses are duly furnished! This sect is making immense progress in America, and also among artisans, and the lower class of tradesmen in various parts of England.

Oxford, intimated that they would be guided by the wishes of the Council. A reference therefore was again made to the Manchester Council, who concurred with the Central Council, that the meeting for 1852 should be held in Oxford; and that Dr. Ogle (recently appointed Regius Professor of Medicine), be the President Elect.

THE LONDON MEDICAL GAZETTE announces its own intended demise at the end of this month, after a career of twenty-four years. This periodical owed its origin to Sir B. C. Brodie and others, who established it principally for the purpose of keeping in check the ancient personalities and too radical politics of *The Lancet*. The vigour and talent with which the latter has been generally conducted, along with the improved tone and increased usefulness which have recently characterized it, have given to it a circulation, and a position of influence much in advance of its two weekly competitors, *The Medical Times*, and *The Medical Gazette*. In these circumstances Mr. Churchill, the publisher and chief proprietor of *The Medical Times*, purchased *The Medical Gazette*, with the view of uniting it with *The Medical Times*. In this union, however, the *Gazette* is to lose its outward form, and editorial identity, and in truth is to cease to exist. The multiplicity of half-starved medical journals, is an evil which the present occurrence is calculated to mitigate. The concentration of talent and adequate pecuniary remuneration, are at present the desiderata of the medical press of this country.

THE COUNCIL OF THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, for reasons well understood, have, by a majority of one, I have been told on good authority, passed the following resolution on the 26th of November. "That the Council have attentively and respectfully considered the various communications which have been received on the subject of HOMŒOPATHY; and after mature deliberation, have resolved that it is not expedient for this College to interfere in the matter."

DR. BABINGTON'S CONVERSAZIONE on the 6th instant, was attended by a numerous company, embracing most of the medical and non-medical members of the Epidemiological Society, and many other eminent individuals. In so vast a metropolis as London, where incessant professional toil, and weary miles of streets separate the members of the medical profession from each other, and from the general body of intellectual society, such gatherings are of signal use in maintaining social and scientific intercourse. The meeting of a society is stiff, and for special business; but the time spent at a conversazione is snatched from the harassments of daily duty, and devoted to the genialities of friendly communion. It would be well, therefore, were such reunions to be more frequent among busy professional men; and the useless extravagance of formal dinner feasts discouraged, or at all events not put in the place of other social gatherings. It is not so, except in England.

CELSUS.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

The Standard Lyric Drama. Volume the Ninth. *Ernani: a Lyric Tragedy;* the Music by VERDI. London: Boosey and Co.

SINCE we last had occasion to notice a volume of this valuable collection of the great works of the greatest masters, the number of our readers has multiplied sixfold. With so enlarged a circle it may be desirable to repeat the description of its plan and execution, for it ought to be better known than it is, so that no house having a pianoforte and a player might be without it.

Each volume contains an entire opera, which is introduced by a history of the work, as when and where composed and brought out, and its subsequent fortunes; then the libretto excellently rendered into English verse by Mr. WREY MOULD; then a thematic index; then the entire opera, set for the pianoforte, with the words both in English and Italian, this important portion of the plan being executed by Mr. ROCKSTRO, who has proved his mastery of musical science by the skill with which he has accomplished the very difficult task of translating the tunes written for an orchestra into the expression of a single instrument, with the least possible loss of effect. We have tried many of the pages both with the voice and the pianoforte, for the purpose of testing its accuracy, and we are enabled, therefore, to say that it is remarkably correct. The opera of *Ernani*, now before us, occupies 322 pages of a convenient quarto size and type, condensed, but clear and readily readable, and the cost so trifling that all lovers of real music might possess themselves of it. If

works of this high class were more generally diffused, there would be a speedy extinction of the wretched trash which is inflicted upon drawing-room singers and listeners under the name of "the last new song." Messrs. BOOSEY will be entitled to praise as well as profit if, through such publications as this, they improve the public taste by supplying it with wholesome food.

Die Zauberflöte. By MOZART. Part I. London: Boosey and Co.

THIS commences the tenth volume of the "Standard Lyric Drama," the plan of which has been already detailed. It will be the first time, we believe, that this exquisite opera will have been presented entire to the players on the pianoforte. The vocal score is given in its integrity, and the pianoforte adaptation is arranged by Mr. ROCKSTRO from the orchestral score.

NEW MUSIC.

Who has not, in our sociable circles, experienced the annoyance of being hushed into silence in the midst of an interesting conversation to give ear, we will not say listen, to some vapid ballad, sung, it may be, with taste and correctness by a vocalist whose powers had been better bestowed on better things—things to which one would not have grudged the hearing. Is, then, the singer's object to please? if so, in such cases her success is more than doubtful: the forced compliment, the polite word which must be spoken, the eager resumption of the broken-off conversation fully prove how little the hearers' feelings have been engaged by the strain to which they have been forced to listen. In thus speaking, let it not be supposed that our object is to put down modern ballad singing; on the contrary, we acknowledge with pleasure the merit of a few charming and deservedly popular compositions of this kind, which from time to time have been added to our musical store; but, on the other hand, no lover of music, we presume, will deny that lamentable heaps of rubbish are also daily being issued from the publishers; we do not, then, wish to put down ballad music, but to raise up that which at any rate has an established claim to a higher place. Why should HANDEL, BEETHOVEN, HAYDN, and the like, lie dust-covered beneath our young ladies' instruments, brought into service only to make a seat for the player, or prop some flimsy picture-decorated ballad—why should CORELLI, BACH, WEBER, and others of equal genius be confined to Philharmonic concerts and purely scientific meetings? Miss A. replies, that such music would be unsuitable to a general drawing-room audience. She looks as much aghast at the mention of HANDEL as if we had proposed Hebrew or Sanscrit to her study; moreover, she prefers to sing that which is sweet and simple; in this she is right, and such music she will find among the compositions of the dreaded HANDEL. "*Lieti fiori*," is sweetness and simplicity itself; "Where e'er ye walk," swimming, graceful, and playfully changeable; and what more exquisitely plaintive and unpretending than "As when the Dove," from ACIS and GALATEA? Did space admit, we could cite innumerable instances among the works of this great composer in confirmation of our assertion. Suffice it to say, in answer to Miss A.'s opinion with regard to the incapability of such music to please, that we know her by experience to be mistaken; that which is excellent in itself must give pleasure, and a correct observer will find in the audience a test of the character of her music. We have marked the breathless eagerness with which HANDEL's "Comfort ye my People" is heard, we have watched the tear-swelling eye that has rested upon the singer whilst pouring forth the exquisitely pathetic tones of HADYN'S, "She never told her Love." Such signs are not to be mistaken, and, as a still further proof of success, the vocalist will be called upon from time to time to reproduce in her friends the pleasurable sensations to which these compositions, and others akin to them in excellence, have given birth. How much better this than the conventional compliment bestowed on "Wilt thou Love me then as now," and such like, crowned, perhaps, with a mortifying remark on the skill with which Miss DOLBY or JETTY TREFFS sang the same ballad. We long for the time when the spirits of great composers shall come forth from the shade to receive from the multitude their free-will offerings of heart, as well as lip, praise.

These remarks have been suggested by an excellent and cheap publication of the vocal works of HANDEL, in score published by D'ALMAINE & Co. from the original orchestral parts. The accompaniments for the organ or pianoforte are full and correct, and the type is large and distinct. The first number contains the "Dettingen Te Deum," and the value of the work is enhanced by a capital portrait of the composer. Such a publication will doubtless be found a great acquisition to the collections of musical families.

Musical and Dramatic Chit Chat.

MISS BASSANO has been singing for M. Jullien. The Orchestral Society has been dissolved.—S. Meyerbeer has arrived at Berlin, where he proposes to reside during the winter.—Auber's opera of *Il Prodigio* has been translated into German, and performed at Gratz, in Austria.—The Sacred Harmonic Society's season commenced on Friday, the 5th, when Haydn's oratorio, *The Seasons*, was performed under the direction of M. Costa.—Various new works have appeared from the pen of Robert Schumann—viz., a sonata for piano and violin, and a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello.—A private letter from Paris announces the success at the Théâtre Gymnase of *Le Mariage de Victorine*,—a new drama by Madame Dudevant, in continuation of *Le Philosophe sans savoir*, by Sedaine.—Herr Kücken, the author of *Mdlle. J. Treffz's* song of *Trab, Trab*, has been appointed to the direction of the Royal Opera at Stuttgart.—Jenny Lind has commenced a season on her own account, and has been everywhere eminently successful. Miss Catherine Hayes has also commenced a fresh series of concerts in New York.—The Wilhelm method, as adapted to English use by Mr. Hullah, has been introduced into our Royal Academy of Music; in preparation for the more refined courses of vocal instruction to be afterwards given by the Professors of singing.—Mr. Anderson has been engaged by Mr. Bunn. Other engagements are in progress.—The first of a series of concerts was given at Exeter Hall, says the *Musical Times*, on Thursday evening, December the 11th. The chief characteristics were, the illustration of the National Music of England, in songs, madrigals, and glees, by eminent solo singers and an efficient chorus.—"A hit" is said to have been made at the Théâtre des Variétés, by *Mignon*, a little drama in which Goethe's exquisite creation is freely handled, and charmingly personified by *Mdlle. Favart*.—The opera composed by M. Duprez, and just given at Brussels, appears to have gained a success.—The Frankfurt journals state that the success of Madame Sontag is on the increase. She was to appear in Plotow's *Martha*,—an opera which, strange to say, retains its popularity in Germany.—Among Mr. Webster's musical novelties talked about, is a new opera by Mr. Balfe. The police in Cologne has issued a notice to all street musicians, street bands, and exhibitors of animals with musical accompaniments, that "vilely sounding" instruments, or instruments out of tune, are henceforth prohibited. Foreigners who thus outrage the ears of the public will be turned out of the city; natives will have their licenses taken away. They must provide new instruments or repair the old ones, and be provided with a certificate from a mender or maker that such repair has been undergone.

(FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.)

By the latest accounts from America, there is a remarkable musical disturbance in New York, produced by agents and critics, who generally manage to plunder and torment musical celebrities, carrying on a system of persecution against Catherine Hayes. The hubbub has terminated in the beautiful songstress throwing up the contract by which she was engaged to sing in the United States, and depending for the future upon her own exertions and undoubted genius. Like all these matters in America, it has become a party question. A clique of low fellows, critics who scribble in the two-penny prints and Sunday newspapers, and agents who live by swindling newly-arrived theatrical notoriety, are the enemies and persecutors of Miss Hayes, the public her friends and supporters. The fraud and deceit practised upon Miss Hayes originated in London, and not on the other side of the Atlantic. The story in relation to the matter, as told by the New Yorker, is brief and interesting. It seems that Mr. Wardwell, when in London last Spring, was introduced to Miss Hayes, that he then proposed to her a visit to the United States, and offered to contract an engagement with her. She assured him that if she determined on such a step, she would give him the preference. Soon after this Mr. Wardwell returned to the United States, and having arranged with a Dr. Joy, an Irishman, to act as his agent in London, commissioned him to propose an offer of 600*l.* a month to Miss Hayes for a tour of the United States. Miss Hayes, who was at the time singing at the Royal Italian Opera, at a salary of 200*l.* a month, communicated the offer of Mr. Wardwell to Mr. Beale, who observed that "he could not pay it, but that he would give her all that any one would." Mr. Beale then had an interview with Dr. Joy; and the result was, that Dr. Joy informed Mr. Wardwell that Mr. Beale had the services of Miss Hayes at 1400*l.* a month, and that he (Joy) would contract her services to Mr. Wardwell for 1800*l.* Upon these terms the contract was made. Of this sum it was ascertained in New York that Mr. Beale only paid to Miss Hayes 600*l.* a month, the 1400*l.* story, by which Mr. Wardwell had been deceived, having been got up by Mr. Beale and Dr. Joy, Mr. Beale pocketing 1200*l.* or two-thirds of the whole sum received for her per month. Some disagreement having brought the fact to the knowledge of Miss Hayes, she determined immediately to break with Mr. Beale and his partner. She has done so, and no doubt, by this time, has paid her forfeit, 3000*l.* to Mr. Beale. This 3000*l.* reverts to Mr. Wardwell, as Mr. Beale's forfeit, he being bound in the same sum as Miss Hayes to him.

But this is only a portion of the annoyances which Miss Hayes has undergone by being placed in the power of speculators, who appear to have acted without principle or feeling. I have been made acquainted by a private letter of some of the miserable artifices that have been employed against her. Since she has been in America, she has been daily informed by Dr. Joy, that the public feeling was so great against her, as well as against Augustus Braham and Herr Menghis with whom she was singing, that it was useless to endeavour to make a stand against it. All the cheap prints have been abusing them; yet, strange to say, at each concert, the applause of the public was loud. On inquiring, Miss Hayes ascertained that the abuse of these minor papers was the work of Dr. Joy and his agents. The plot was arranged before her arrival in America by Joy, and the people of the Italian Opera, who were to persecute her, Menghis and Braham, to practice upon them every species of annoyance, and to do their utmost to disgust the public with them, so that they might break their engagements. The opera-house was then to be the only house for Miss Hayes, where she was to be handed over to the tender mercies of close-fisted opera speculators, to be crushed in good time by a combined opposition. When at two of her concerts some of these artists were engaged to sing, Miss Hayes questioned the right and propriety of their so doing. Dr. Joy asserted his power, and said "she should do as he pleased." Mr. Bennes, the editor of *The New York Herald*, who seems to lean much towards Miss Hayes, called for explanations of this speech of Dr. Joy's. At the interview, the manner of Dr. Joy was coarse and disrespectful, and he even stood with his hat on his head in the presence of Miss Hayes; but when she told him that "she would sing no more; and that she would forfeit her engagement and lose the 3000*l.*," he relented, and said to her cringing, "Oh! now Katy; don't, Katy." Miss Hayes ordered him to leave her presence.

After the breaking of her contract, Miss Hayes retired to Staten Island for a few days for quiet; she then paid a visit to Albany at the close of last month, and is now, in all probability, singing at concerts in New York with greater popularity than ever. She is now solely in the hands of the Americans, who have always shown themselves ready to acknowledge her great and manifold merits. Mr. Wardwell, who was her late contractor, is now her agent.

Cruel treatment has also been exercised towards Augustus Braham since his arrival in America by the same kind of persons who have tried, in every way, to injure Miss Hayes; their schemes, however, have been frustrated, and no one is so strongly supported by the public as Mr. Braham. In arranging terms with Mr. Beale in London, he bound himself in a penalty of 1,500*l.* to sing as Mr. Beale, or his representative, should direct in opera, sacred music, or concerts, in the United States. He thus placed himself completely in the power of Mr. Beale or his representative. In order to get Miss Hayes to join the opera troupe, as I have mentioned above, an endeavour was made to cry down Mr. Braham and to place every obstacle in the way of his appearing favourably before the public. A number of artists of the New York Italian Opera House were brought forward to perform at Miss Hayes's concerts, to show that her company was not strong enough, and so get the cry raised that she was badly supported. At the concert at which Dr. Joy told Miss Hayes he would do what he pleased, ineffective ballads were put into the hands of Augustus Braham ten minutes before he sang them, regardless of the songs announced in the bills; and were it not for the enthusiastic support he has invariably received from the American public, he would, unquestionably, have been driven from New York by private cliques and cabals.

Many of the managers in France and in other countries of Europe, have lately been contending for Lola Montez, and trying to engage her; several of the managers in New York and other American cities have been struggling in the same business; but thus far without success, or any favourable result. According to all accounts, Lola Montez—supposing that wind, weather, temper, and the stars have permitted—must be, by this time, in New York, where she is to enjoy the fruits of her popularity upon her own responsibility without the intervention of agents. She is to be her own Manager—take care of her own affairs—make her own engagements—dispose of her own abilities, and she was to have arrived in whatever vessel she pleased. If things are rightly managed, there is no doubt she will (as Barnum says) "draw immensely."

Everybody knows the fame that Exeter Hall has acquired for parading, with leviathan force, theanthems of cathedrals, oratorios, and other sacred music; but it has recently been the scene of the illustration of secular music in a manner especially deserving of notice in the peculiar department of English songs, glees, and madrigals. This series of vocal concerts commenced on Thursday last (the 11th instant) when eminent soloists and efficient chorists well interpreted the national music of our country. Wherever this style of music has been attempted, it has proved perfectly successful. Many glee and madrigal clubs have, consequently, been organised throughout the country. Some of these unions have lately taken place at Liverpool, Manchester, Canterbury, and other large towns. The performances, which have been creditable to the members and assistants, have given satisfaction to very large audiences. Another new association of this class, entitled "The

Western Madrigal Society," held its opening meeting on the 1st. The manner in which these societies have been upheld shows that public opinion is in favour of national airs; and the English are gradually ceasing to be reproached for their preference of foreign music and foreign genius. The fact is, that when these songs were composed, the prize can hardly be adjudged between the excellence of English and foreign art. The glees, songs, and madrigals of England rank among the most exquisite specimens of music, foreign or native. Yet they are comparatively new to the popular ear, howbeit they have been allied for generations with the hearths and homes of English domestic life, and abound in pleasing historic associations. Besides, the intrinsic excellence of their composition and their sprightly melodious counterpoint, train the ear and taste for the finest changes and cadences of harmony.

There is a rumour that several English operas have been composed for the Haymarket and Drury-lane Theatres, by Mr. Severn, Mr. Bache, and, what many persons will be surprised to hear, as he has hitherto confined his musical talent to the composition only of such light and taking music as waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles, by M. Jullien.

ART JOURNAL.

The Art Journal for December opens with an excellent line engraving of CALCOTT HORSLEY's beautiful and touching picture, *The Pride of the Village*, from the Vernon collection. Admirably given is the effect of evening sun-light pouring through the cottage window on the old man's grey head, and the holy book from which he has just raised his eyes to watch the countenance of his dying child. How true, too, to the original the expression of the sorrowing mother's face, as upon her breast she pillows the pale girl's head; surely this engraving alone were worth the cost of the entire part. From the same gallery we find here engraved LEE's *Morning on the Sea Coast*—The effect of a bright sunrise dispersing the clouds of a night of wind and storm is very successfully imitated from the painting. The representations of Sculpture in this number are TEEB's *Psyche*, which gives a correct idea of that artist's graceful statue; and FRANKIN's *Cupid Captive*—the latter wants the roundness of the marble. In the letter-press is an interesting account of the origin of the Great Exhibition, and a paper containing some useful hints for the convenience of students of art about to visit Italy. Mr. WRIGHT's *Illustrated Domestic Manners of the English in the Middle Ages* will, doubtless, afford great entertainment to the readers of the *Art Journal*.

Talk of the Studios.

THE Manchester papers state that a portrait of Mr. George Wilson—who acted with such eminent ability as permanent chairman of the Anti-Corn-Law League, has just been completed by Mr. Patten, the Associate of our London Royal Academy. At a meeting held last week to determine the destination of this work of art it was resolved that the picture should be presented to the Mayor and Corporation of Manchester, with a request that it be placed in the large room of the Town Hall.—Dr. Secker, a gentleman who had acquired a large fortune in Mexico, has left to the Print Room of the National Library in Paris all such of his large collection of engravings as that establishment may be deficient of. He has bequeathed, also, 200,000 francs to the Institute of France. Dr. Secker's collection of paintings has been sold,—and fetched high prices.—It is stated in *The Builder* that M. Decker the publisher, of Berlin, has engaged the most eminent engravers of Dresden, Munich, Nürnberg and other places to prepare plates for Kaubach's frescoes now in progress of execution at the New Museum in the Prussian Capital.—It is stated that a fine picture has just been found in the episcopal school in Cologne—which, on internal evidence, is pronounced to be by the same artist as the altar-piece in the Cathedral.—At the last meeting of the British Association at Ipswich, a resolution was passed calling for a Report "on the best means of selecting and arranging a series of typical Objects illustrative of the three Kingdoms of Nature for Provincial Museums."—The Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Berlin, announces that it will open in that capital an Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists on the 1st of September in next year. The Exhibition will be continued for a period of two months:—and the artists of all nations are invited to contribute their works.—*The Leader* says, that "a discovery of a very interesting nature has just taken place in one of the cells of the Castle of St. Angelo, on the wall of which, towards the corner, a rough and nearly effaced indication of Christ on the Cross was brought to light a few days ago. This drawing, or painting is thought to be that which Benvenuto Cellini, in his autobiography, mentions having executed with charcoal and brickdust on the wall of his prison, when confined, by order of Pope Paul III., in the Castle of St. Angelo, in the year 1539."—The Lateran Museum, founded in Rome by Gregory the Sixteenth, is slowly but steadily adding to its collection of valuable antiquities. The latest acquisition consists of a series of eight statues of

superior excellence, found in the Augusteum of the municipium of Cœne, representing members of the family of Octavian.—Two deserving antiquarian works have been announced for publication by subscription; the first, a series of engravings of the interesting antiquities discovered during recent excavations on the site of the rich and important Roman city of Isurium, at Aldborough, in Yorkshire, with illustrative letter-press, by Mr. H. Eeroyd Smith; the other, a quarterly publication of engravings of relics of an early period, found in different parts of Yorkshire, under the title of *Reliquiæ Antiquæ Eboracensis*, by Mr. William Bowman, of Leeds.—Professor Zahn, who has been engaged during a period of more than twenty years in examining the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, has exhibited at Berlin a collection of casts unique in their kind. These are 8,000 in number; and comprise all the remarkable sculptures of the above places, besides those found at Stabiae, and those of the vast collection of the Museo Borbonico and other museums of the Two Sicilies.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

The Beggar's Opera—the gloss of novelty long worn off—yet retains sufficient attraction for a HAYMARKET audience in its inherent excellence and powerful cast. *The Two Bonnycastles*, though its business be a little anticipatory of the Christmas pantomimes, is a capital farce, admirably supported by BUCKSTONE; and Mr. WEBSTER has also been successful in a comedy new to England, being a clever adaptation from the French of REGNIER, and called *The Man of Law*.

THE PRINCESS's has reopened with renewed vigour, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* has been placed upon its stage with that propriety and deference to detail which has already secured so large a share of popular approbation to the management. MR. SEARLE's *Tender Precautions* appears to lose none of its mirth-stirring powers by constant repetition. A new drama is in active preparation.

At the OLYMPIC, MR. FARREN, writhing under the combined effects of JULLIEN and the unpropitious time of year, has been "E'en to't like a French Falconer," and flying at anything likely to present a short-lived attraction. One of his most important revivals during the past fortnight has been that of the drama of *Lucille*, affording Miss HOWARD an opportunity of expanding her histrionic pinions in a purer atmosphere than that which has hitherto clogged her efforts. Her delineation of the heroine gave not only abundant promise of future excellence, but paid a fair dividend in advance. The piece was generally well supported, MR. HENRY FARREN's success in *Shylock* having given him a reputation which the increased care he now bestows on his personations proves him anxious to sustain.

THE STRAND has produced a farce entitled *Breakfast for Two*, of which the chief merit is that it is very short. MR. J. ROGERS took a benefit here on Tuesday last, his friends proving themselves numerous and sincere.

I am glad to find MR. BELLINGHAM included in the DRURY LANE company for the ensuing season. This gentleman gave much early promise on his introduction to the London boards at Covent Garden, but the trumpet parts into which he has been cast—I may almost say thrust headlong—under the Lyceum dynasty have been of a nature rather to choke than encourage the germs of rising talent. I trust he will now have a clearer stage where, if he find no favour, the blame will be his own. LORGNETTE.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN AND THE PANTOMIMES.—The Marquis of Breadalbane, the Lord Chamberlain, has caused the following letter to be addressed to the managers of the several metropolitan theatres and musical and dramatic "saloons" licensed by his lordship:—"Lord Chamberlain's Office.—Sir,—I am directed by the Lord Chamberlain to inform you, that in consequence of complaints having been made to him respecting the introduction of certain characters or allusions into various scenic representations to which no reference is made in the manuscripts submitted for examination, his lordship directs that in future all such additions, whether scenic or pantomimic, shall be noted in full on the manuscript as stage directions.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, N. H. MACDONALD. To _____, Manager of the _____." Last year, in consequence of Marshal Haynau being burlesqued in several of the pantomimes and extravaganzas at the theatres, more particularly at Astley's, the Lord Chamberlain, on the representation, it is said, of the Austrian ambassador, thought proper to suggest that the offensive scenes should be "cut out." Mr. Batty complied with the request of his lordship, and expunged two of the best comic scenes in the pantomime, which had been got up at considerable trouble and expense. Hitherto, however, it has been customary for managers only to submit what is technically termed the "opening" of their pantomime, and not the "comic scenes," for the approval of the censor, through the Lord Chamberlain's office; and they are still in doubt, notwithstanding the above circular—considered to be a most indefinite communication—as to the necessity of submitting the several incidents, &c., forming the subjects of the comic "business" in the harlequinade.

SUMMARY OF SCIENCE.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS IN SCIENCE AND MANUFACTURES.

BY HERMES.

CHEMISTRY.—Phosphorus.—In *The Journal of the Chemical Society* we find that the equivalent or atomic weight of phosphorus has been determined by Schröter to be 31, from ten combustions of this body in its amorphous state. The amorphous phosphorus was discovered some time since by this chemist, and furnishes a striking illustration of the widely different characteristic states, termed *allotropism*, in which the same body may exist; charcoal and the diamond is a familiar instance, both consisting of precisely the same substance, carbon, and yet how totally opposed in external characters; so with phosphorus, which in its ordinary state is a pale yellowish, waxy-looking, dangerously inflammable and poisonous substance, but by the mere application of long continued heat, is transformed into an opaque red body which may be kept in the waistcoat pocket, and handled or swallowed without risk; so that the hitherto dangerous trade of the lucifer-match maker, which exposed the worker not only to the hazard of explosion but to the attacks of a horrible disease, is now by this discovery rendered safe and innocuous.

Vital Phosphorescence.—Mr. Thornton J. Herepath has vainly attempted to settle the much-vexed question of the nature of the substance to which the phosphorescence of the glow-worm and other light-emitting animals is to be attributed; his experiments only proving that this is not due to uncombined phosphorus, which no one supposed to be the case, but failing to show that the luminosity is not owing to some combination of that body.

Period of the first employment of Zinc by Man.—Mr. J. A. Phillips has published an interesting series of experiments on the alloys known to the Ancients, in which he shows that the use of zinc to form the alloy we call brass dates from the Christian era.

ELECTRICITY.—A memoir (concluded Thursday night) "On the Lines of Magnetic Force, their Definite Character and their Disposition within a Magnet and through Space," has been read at the Royal Society by that profound and indefatigable philosopher, Faraday, of which a notice is reserved until an authentic report is obtained; correctness in scientific reports being of much more importance than mere rapidity of communication.

Present Prospects of the application of Electricity as a source of Mechanical Power.—Mr. R. Hunt, in his lecture "On the Importance of Cultivating Habits of Observation," gives us a succinct view of the hindrances at present existing to the successful application of this force as a source of motion. The first difficulty to be encountered seems to be the rapidity with which the power diminishes with the distance; thus an electro-magnet which will sustain 220 pounds, when the armature is in contact with its poles, and the circuit consequently complete, exerts an attractive force not exceeding 40½ pounds when the armature is separated from the magnet by one-fiftieth of an inch only; no apparatus hitherto devised has succeeded in bringing the moving and fixed magnets nearer together than the fiftieth of an inch, and hence an immediate and enormous loss of power. Another difficulty is the temporary loss of power which occurs so soon as the magnets are set in motion, a fact to which the lecturer first directed attention in this country, in other words, an antagonistic form is developed by which the mechanical power is considerably diminished; the greater the speed with which the magnets are made to move, the more rapidly does this diminution of force take place. Mr. Hunt states that he has investigated the economical relations of this question with the utmost care, and the result is, that a grain of coal consumed in the boiler of a Cornish steam-engine will lift 143 pounds one foot high, whereas, one grain of zinc consumed in the voltaic battery, will lift but 80 pounds through the same space, the cost of zinc being 216d. per cwt., while the cost of coal is but 9d. per cwt., or one-fourty-third of that of the metal. It has been, however, proposed to reconvert the zinc so consumed to its metallic state, and thus to use it over and over again in a continuous process; on which the lecturer remarked:—"From my investigations of the whole question, I feel assured that I state a truth in saying, the coal employed in reproducing the metal would afford as much light, heat, or mechanical power as that obtained by the destruction of the metal in the first instance in the battery," which is pretty decisive against the economical application of this source of power, in the present state of our knowledge.

BOTANY.—The Palo de Velas, or Candle Tree.—Mr. Berthold Seeman, in *Hooker's Journal of Botany*, describes this tree, *Parmentiera cereifera*, as occurring only in the valley of the Chagres, where it forms entire forests. In entering them, a person might almost fancy himself in a chandler's shop, for from all the stems and lower branches hang long cylindrical fruits of a yellowish wax-colour, so greatly resembling a candle as to have given rise to the popular name. The fruit is generally from two to three, but not unfrequently four feet long and an inch in diameter. The tree itself is about twenty-four feet high, with opposite trifoliate leaves and large white blossoms, which appear throughout the year, but are in the greatest abundance during the rainy season. The *Palo de Velas* belongs to the

natural order *Crescentiaceae*, and is a *Parmentiera*, of which genus, *P. edulis*, De Candolle, was the only species hitherto known. The fruit of this latter called *Quanhxilote*, is eaten by the Mexicans, whilst that of the former serves for food to numerous herds of cattle.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS.—Beet-root Sugar.—Never was the proverb "Necessity is the Mother of Invention," better illustrated than during the times of the first Revolution in France, and of the Empire. Saltpetre for gunpowder, soda for soap and glass-making, as well as the thousand-and-one other uses it is put to in manufactures, and sugar, all produced on French soil, from French materials, by the genius and energy of the French people, are some of the most striking instances of the fertility of invention and the ingenious adaptation of the resources of their country by the chemists and manufacturers of France to its most pressing wants. At the time of the issuing of the famous Berlin decree by Napoleon, in 1806, which was replied to by the British government in the following year by the equally celebrated Orders in Council, the existence of sugar in beet-root was indeed known, but any application of the fact to the purposes of life was undreamt of. However, when in consequence of these measures, sugar rose in price to four and five francs per pound, and eau sucrée and bonbons were thus prohibited luxuries to those to whom sugar had even then become almost a necessary of life, some substitute for foreign sugar was imperatively called for, a want which was quickly supplied by the genius of Chaptal, whose eminence as an agriculturist has been only eclipsed by his fame as a chemist, and beet-root sugar became an established manufacture on the continent. After the Peace it dwindled, and it is estimated that, in 1828, the entire make did not exceed 7000 tons. Of late years, however, the scale has completely turned, and that which was originally intended merely as a substitute for the foreign article, now bids fair to replace it altogether. Improvements in the manufacture proceed with rapid strides. In Belgium the beets are carted from the field into the refinery, and, in twenty-four hours, the sugar contained in them may be sent off to the consumer in brilliant, sparkling sugar loaves. The produce in Belgium is now upwards of six per cent; and were it not for that Ups to all improvement, the Excise, it would be at once increased seven and a half per cent. on the weight of beet-roots, by the use of a method termed "the carbonic acid process." Cuba, Brazil, and our colonies must look to it, and imitate the example set them by the continental sugar-makers; meet them and beat them they can, if they display sufficient enterprise and energy, for the raw material is all in their favour, an acre of beet-root yielding at a maximum, and under the most favourable circumstances, a ton and a half of sugar, whilst an acre of good canes contains, and ought to be made to yield, four and a-half tons of this substance. There is, perhaps, no manufacture which has so rapidly risen in importance as this; 7000 tons, we have said, was the produce of beet-root sugar in 1828, and this year it is computed that the quantity will amount to no less than 180,000 tons, a production which bids fair to rapidly increase from the mechanical and chemical improvements constantly being made in the manufacturing process.

THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF MINES.—Sparingly enough is governmental support extended to science, even when applied to industry, but a glad and encouraging omen of amendment occurred last May in the public opening, by the Prince Consort, of the Museum of Practical Geology, now enshrined in the handsome building standing between Piccadilly and Jermyn-street, which, not only during its erection but even yet, so sorely puzzles nineteen-twentieths of the passers-by as to its objects and uses; by-the-by this museum is open to the public during the three first days of the week, and is well worthy of a visit even if the gratification of the eye alone be sought. We would fain hope that this institution inaugurates a better era, when the encouragement of science shall no longer be abandoned to the voluntary and desultory efforts of its adherents, but become an object of the fostering care of our government, to the improvement and advantage of the nation. The event of the past month of the most importance to science was the opening of the Government School of Mines attached to this institution, superintended by a distinguished and active staff of scientific men, and presided over by Sir H. T. De la Beche, the well-known geologist, who in his inaugural lecture explained the advantages derivable from a systematic education of those by whom our vast mining and metallurgic enterprises are conducted. The course of instruction comprises chemistry, natural history, mechanics, geology, mining, mineralogy, and metallurgy, and we may hope that after the lapse of a few years a body of men, well educated in the science as well as in the practice of mining, will have sprung into existence, and that under their management, the losses which have rendered this pursuit almost synonymous with reckless speculation, will have ceased to be so frequent a concomitant of it. Already has this institution done good service in this direction, for a company was about to be formed to recommence the working of a well-known but now abandoned Cornish mine, which had formerly realized some 140,000l. to the adventurers. Before setting to work, it was fortunately suggested, that the documents respecting the mine in question, lodged in the Mining Record Office of the institution, should be examined, when the truth came out that the mine had been abandoned for its poverty; the under-

taking consequently was dropped, and a large useless outlay of money avoided. On the other hand, a source of the useful metal—nickel, so rarely found in terrestrial minerals, but so constantly associated with iron in those "strangers of the sky," aërolites, has been brought to light in some ores raised on the Duke of Argyll's property in Scotland, for the sake of the copper they contained, and subsequently abandoned as not worth dressing. The Duke, however, was induced to send some specimens of the ores to this institution for analysis, when it was found that they contained eleven per cent. of nickel, which is now become so valuable a metal from its extensive employment in German silver and other alloys. When it is remembered that twenty-four millions sterling is the annual value of the raw mineral produce of this kingdom, about four-ninths of that of all Europe, and also that well-digested geological data would have saved the nation enormous sums of money which have been uselessly expended during the construction of many of our harbours, railways, buildings, and various public works, it is evident that, in founding this museum, Government has taken a stride in the right direction. We hope the means at the disposal of this establishment will also be directed to the collection and arrangement of such correct and complete information on the subject, as will enable the Legislature to effectually protect the miner from some of the fearful risks of his hazardous occupation, and also to raise him, as a man, from the state of social degradation in which the poor fellow is but too often sunk. The excellent inaugural lectures delivered at the commencement of the session, must be noticed hereafter. HERMES.

A curious fact for astronomers has just been ascertained. In the papers of the celebrated Lalande, recently presented to the Academy of Sciences by M. Arago, there is a note to the effect that so far back as the 25th of October, 1800, he and Burckhardt, were of opinion, from calculations, that there must be a planet beyond Uranus, and they occupied themselves for some time in trying to discover its precise position.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS.—It is a source of gratification to all those who, from war or accident, have been unfortunately deprived of a limb, to be enabled to replace their loss by an artificial one, so nearly resembling nature as to defy the closest inspection. The manufacturer of artificial limbs, Mr. Frederick Gray, of Cork-street, has certainly achieved a most extraordinary feat in producing a substitute, so complete in itself, to replace an unfortunate casualty. The excellent mode adopted by Mr. Gray of fitting the mutilated limb in the socket, is a feature of vast importance, as, unless this be effectually done, great inconvenience must ensue to the wearer, who will otherwise want freedom of action, and the necessary lightness and strength. The substitute for the tendon achilles is applied in a most ingenious manner. This description of leg far surpasses all artificial limbs we have hitherto seen. It is much to be regretted that this invention was not exhibited at the Crystal Palace.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company intend almost immediately to illuminate the several tunnels along their line by the electric light, which have been rendered servicable and governable as a means of illumination.

ALLEGED DISCOVERY OF THE PERPETUAL MOTION.—The *Courrier de la Gironde* states that a civil engineer of Bordeaux, named De Vigneron, has discovered the perpetual motion. His theory is said to be to find in a mass of water, at rest, and contained within a certain space, a continual force, able to replace all other moving powers. The above journal declares that this has been effected, and that the machine invented by M. de Vigneron works admirably. A model of the machine was to be exposed at Bordeaux for three days, previous to the inventor's departure with it for London.

MINES OF PURE COPPER.—We gather from *The Lake Superior Journal* that the copper mines there yield a produce unequalled in the world. The distinction between these mines and all others is that the yield is of the pure metal. Every advancing step only demonstrates more clearly that this pure lode is not a chance collection, but is, in fact, increasing in purity as well as quantity as the miners proceed.

IRON VENEERING FOR BUILDINGS.—Mr. Gouch, of Harlem, has invented, and is now applying a new (?) improvement in architecture. This is ornamental cast-iron plates put on the front of a house, like veneering on cabinet work. The castings are made in the plates, and put on by a permanent elastic cement which allows for the expansion and contraction of the metal.—*The Builder*.

TWO NEW SATELLITES.—The discovery of two new satellites of Uranus is announced by Mr. Lassell, of Liverpool. They are interior to the two bright satellites first discovered by Sir W. Herschell, generally known as the second and fourth. Mr. Lassell first saw them on the 24th of October, and again on the 28th and 30th of the month, and also on November 7th, with a magnifying power of 778, or the twenty-feet equatorial. They are very faint, not half the brightness of the two conspicuous ones. The periods of revolution are almost exactly four days for the outermost, and two and a half for the closest. Mr. Lassell says he has never yet been able to recognise the first satellite announced by Sir William Herschell, to which he ascribed a period of revolution of five days and twenty-one hours.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

1. OF BOOKS, &c.

The Publishers' Circular, for December, gives a supplemental sheet containing a large number of specimens of engravings from Christmas books. We had imagined that this display of pictures was for the gratification of the publishers and the booksellers on whom they are in a great measure dependent. But the following paragraph from *The Circular*, sets at rest such a supposition, and shows, moreover, that publishers are beginning to expect the public will be guided by their lists and influenced by advertisements which are collected *en masse* in a sheet that contains nothing but advertisements—an illusory expectation, of course:—"The present number of *The Publishers' Circular*, comprising a very extensive and miscellaneous list of books, suitable for presents and Christmas gifts, will be kept on sale during the next fortnight, and can be supplied to booksellers desirous of circulating the same, done up in a wrapper, with the name and address of the distributor, at the price of 16s. per hundred,—for which immediate application is requested." Perhaps we need hardly inform Paternoster-row that the public know little of *The Publishers' Circular*, and that no amount of gratis distribution could possibly teach book purchasers to believe that it is any other than a tradesman's puff.—The coming book season promises to be very productive. Among the announcements are a continuation of Mr. Macaulay's "History of England," two more volumes of Mr. Grote's "History of Greece," and an addition to Lord Mahon's *History of England*.—A "Life of Washington" is announced by the veteran American author bearing the hero's name.—*The Publishers' Circular* states that Mr. Warren's little memento of the World's Fair—*The Lily and the Bee*—has obtained a sale of 4000 copies within two months.—Longfellow's new poem, *The Golden Legend*, is published simultaneously in England and the United States, securing its copyright in both countries, in conformity with the provisions of the late judgment delivered by Lord Campbell.—Mr. G. P. R. James has cemented his connection with American literature by publishing a new work of fiction conjointly with Mr. Maunsell B. Field, of New York; each author writing a chapter alternately, it is announced under the title of "Adrian; or, The Clouds of the Mind." "Aims and Obstacles," a novel, is likewise announced by Mr. James, in America: it was, we believe, published anonymously, some years back, in this country.

2. OF LITERARY MEN.

Mr. Thackeray is to deliver his "Lectures on the Humorists of the Seventeenth Century," at Edinburgh, during the month of December, and also at the Marylebone Institution. For the latter he will receive 150*l*.—Silvio Pellico, so famous for his works, his imprisonments and sufferings, is now in Paris.—The Rev. Dr. Warneford, whose munificent donations to Queen's College, Birmingham, are well known, has founded in perpetuity eight scholarships, of the value of 25*l*. each, for medical students of King's College, London.—The Earl of Rosse is likely to be appointed by the Board of Trinity College to succeed the late King of Hanover in the Chancellorship of the Dublin University.—The Council of King's College, London, have appointed Mr. James Stephen, son of Sergeant Stephen, author of the *Commentaries*, to the Professorship of English Law and Jurisprudence, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Bullock. At Belfast, the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics has been, by the Lord Lieutenant, assigned to Dr. James McCosh, a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, author of one of the most profound works that have appeared of late years, *The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral*.—The editor of *The Art Journal* has published a letter asserting his claim to being the author of the idea of the Great Exhibition, and to being also the first to propose carrying it into effect. He says, so long as the honour of originating the Great Exhibition was claimed for his Royal Highness Prince Albert, he remained silent; not alone from dutiful respect; and it is unquestionable that but for the influence and personal exertions of the Prince, there would either have been no exhibition, or, at all events, none to excite the wonder and admiration of the world. He observes that, repeatedly, since the year 1844, he had advocated the policy of an Exhibition of Industrial Art in England; but at the close of 1847, he had many reasons to believe the time was approaching when such a project might be effectually carried out; and in *The Art Journal* for January, 1848, he printed an article entitled "Proposed Exposition of British Manufactures."

3. OF INSTITUTIONS, SOCIETIES, &c.

A Supplemental Charter has been granted to the Royal Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, authorizing them to dispose of the surplus in their hands.—Letters from Berlin of the 25th ult. announce the arrival of Lieutenant Pim in that capital,—and his departure for St. Petersburg.—The search for

the missing Arctic Expedition to the north of Behring's Straits, is intended to be carried into effect if sufficient funds can be raised for the purpose.—*The Times* states that there is an intention among our Arctic officers "to propose a national testimonial to Mr. Grinnell, for his noble and humane conduct in fitting out, at his private expense, the expedition which sailed last year from the United States in search of Sir John Franklin, under the command of Lieutenant De Haven."

—The case pending between the Commissioners of Inland Revenue and the proprietors of *The Household Narrative of Current Events* has been decided in favour of the latter. Three of the four judges decided against the inference that *The Household Narrative* is a newspaper within the terms of the statute.—The Spanish Government has named two Commissioners to conduct, at Madrid, with Messrs. Baroche and Couture the negotiations for a treaty of international literary copyright.—At Edinburgh, two prizes of 50*l*. and 30*l*. each, called "the Hope prizes," after the late Professor of Chemistry, by whom they were bequeathed, are announced for competition to any student of the class since the session of 1848; the essays and preparations, "on any chemical subject," to be lodged before November, 1852.—The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge has just announced as the subject of the Le Bas Prize—founded with a view to promote the study of the history, institutions and interests of our Anglo-Indian empire.—"A View of the Routes successively taken by the Commerce between Europe and the East, and of the Political Effects produced by the several changes.—There is in Paris, under the sole direction of an ecclesiastic, the Abbé Migne, an establishment embracing a printing office, stereotype foundry, and all other departments of book manufacture, which has in course of publication a complete series of the chief works of Catholic literature, amounting to 2,000 volumes, and the prices are such that the mass of the clergy of that faith may possess the whole.—The friends of the Ocean Penny Postage project, says Mr. Elihu Burritt, will be pleased to learn, that simultaneous and energetic steps will be taken in Great Britain and the United States to press it upon the consideration of the two Governments during the next session of Parliament and of the United States Congress. The late reduction of the inland postage to a uniform rate of threehalfpence throughout the American Union has facilitated the establishment of an ocean penny postage between that country and Great Britain; and a lively interest is already excited on that side of the Atlantic in behalf of a measure which would so incalculably promote the commerce and correspondence between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

A JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.—We observe that Mr. William Kidd, the author of so many interesting and instructive works on Natural History, is about to address himself to the public, through a journal of his own. This we take to be a wise step; for the amateur and the experienced naturalist alike require an organ and a friend: such, we anticipate *Kidd's London Journal* will be; and our readers can judge of the reasonableness of the anticipation, for we have, by means of extracts from his essays, published in *The Gardener's Chronicle* and elsewhere, made them familiar with the generality of William Kidd's mind, and the correctness of his acquisitions as a student of nature. *Kidd's London Journal* is, we observe, to be the same size as *Household Words*, and will contain other information than that which the Editor has spent a life in obtaining and generalising.

DEATHS.

BALLS.—On the 19th November, at his residence, 408, Oxford-street, Mr. James Balls, many years a music publisher, having survived his only son, Mr. Herbert Ingram Balls, only three months.

CLARE.—On the 24th November, at his residence, Quay-street, Manchester, aged 70, Peter Clare, F.R.S., the intimate friend and companion of Dr. Dalton, and for many years secretary, and afterwards one of the Vice-Presidents, of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society.

DUNBAR.—Recently, at his residence, Rose-park, Trinity, Mr. George Dunbar, Professor of Greek Literature in the University of Edinburgh. The natural decay attending even an otherwise green old age, has been for some years aggravated by a virulent internal malady, which, at the commencement of the present session, compelled him to abandon his academic duties, and the functions of the chair have, accordingly, been since very ably discharged by Mr. Kirkpatrick, from Oxford. The serious apprehensions then entertained for him were fully confirmed by a series of spasmodic attacks, the violence of which ultimately proved fatal.

LONGMAN.—On the 30th November, at her residence, Southwood, Highgate, Mrs. Judith Longman, the last surviving sister of the late Thomas Norton Longman, Esq., of Paternoster-row, in her 84th year.

NAKWAASKA.—Recently, at Warsaw, aged 69, Madame Nakwaska, the authoress of Polish novels, and of sketches of the society of the capital.

PRIESSNITZ.—On the 26th November, at Graefenberg, aged 52, Priessnitz, the celebrated founder of Hydropathy. On

the morning of his death, Priessnitz was up and stirring at an early hour, but complained of the cold, and had wood brought in to make a large fire. His friends had for some time believed him to be suffering from dropsy of the chest, and at their earnest entreaty he consented to take a little medicine, exclaiming all the while, "It is of no use." He would see no physician, but remained to the last true to his profession. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th, he asked to be carried to bed, and upon being laid down he expired.

SOULT.—On the 26th November, at St. Armand, Marshal Soult, one of the most distinguished of French soldiers, and one of the most exalted of French statesmen.

TAYLOR.—On the 26th October, at Philadelphia, aged 62, Mr. C. Taylor. Mr. Taylor emigrated in the year 1830, being previously well known as a Fellow both of Antiquarian and of the Geological Societies. He had published a work of great care and research while resident in his native county, Norfolk, "Index Monasticus for East Anglia;" and had made some useful explorations into the fossil remains on the coast of Norfolk. In America he wrote for various philosophical Societies, and published in 1848 his large work on the statistics of coal.

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

THE BOOK TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES.—The number of volumes issued in the United States from the 1st of July, 1850, to the same date in 1851, was 1,298. The number of pages in these volumes amounts to 213,049. The distinct works composing the volumes are 1,176. Of these volumes 817 were published in New York, 223 in Philadelphia, and 203 in Boston. The department of fiction, including every class of novels and tales in prose, comprises 249 distinct works. Of juvenile publications there are 52; of gift books 32, and of poetical works, including hymn books for the use of churches, 80. The number of religious and theological works is 170. Comprising under one head general histories, travels, and works descriptive of countries, not strictly geographical, we may put their number at 121. Of biographies there are 96, of scientific works 50, and of metaphysical treatises, strictly so called, 8. Of mathematical works there are 17, classical books 7, dictionaries and treatises (not grammars) on language, 13, school books 50, legal works 43, medical works 47, agricultural 23, practical mechanics 18, artistic 6, architectural 8, political 16, commercial 12, orations 3, works entitled essays, in general, 11, manners and morals, strictly so called, 18, social economy, comprising cookery books and works for housekeepers, 15, natural history 8, miscellaneous, embracing works not within the scope of either of the above divisions, and often possessing considerable literary merit, 48.—*New York Tribune*.

List of New Books.

Abdias the Jew, by A. Stifter, cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Addison's The Knights Templars, 3rd edit. 10s. 6d. cl.
Ald's (D. M.) French Syntax made Easy, sq. 1s. svd.
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Andersen's Danish Fairy Legends, &c. 2nd ed. 12mo. 6s. cl.
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Art-Journal (The) for 1851. New Series, Vol. III. 1*l*. 11s. 6d.
Arnold's School Classics: Sophocles, Part III., 12mo. 4s. cl.
Bagge's (Rev. H. T. J.) Toleration Intolerant, fcap. 8vo. 3s.
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Bohn's Scientific Library: Agassiz and Gould's Outlines of Comparative Physiology, edited and enlarged by Thomas Wright, M.D., with Illustrations, 12mo. 5s. cl.
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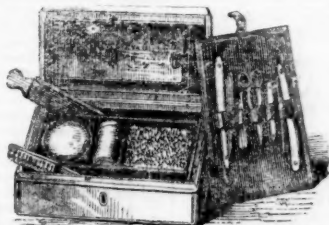
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In ushering before the world for its consideration and patronage any addition to a subject previously well known, it is generally expected and required that there should be at least an appearance of novelty, although the subject itself is incapable of receiving any material improvement. The projectors of this Society, however, from experience and correct calculation, having discovered new principles and features in Life Assurance, so peculiarly adapted to the feelings, views, and wants of literary men, artists, musicians, and all persons connected with every branch of art and science, are convinced when such advantages become known and appreciated, the ATHENÆUM must take the lead amongst those Societies which are ever on the watch to achieve new and beneficial results for all who have confidence in their exertions.

Men of letters and the liberal arts are too generally regarded with censure rather than with commendation, on account of the unfortunate circumstances so often attending their worldly affairs, and which have unjustly given them a character for improvidence; yet few persons in the active pursuits of business can form a proper notion of the many causes which prevent the student, the scholar, and the secluded artist, from being so fortunate as themselves; nor is it here considered fit to analyse such causes, or set right such notions. The object of this Society, therefore, is to allow the man of letters and the artist to indulge in that dreamy existence so peculiarly his nature, and so essential to the development of his talent, and give protection and provision where so much required; for while this urged improvidence is admitted to be no consequence of selfishness—it being well known that in no other class is disinterested nobleness of spirit so often and unequivocally exhibited,—yet no means have hitherto been devised to arrest this censured characteristic. This Society, therefore, wishes to open an independent course for the consideration of

men of letters, art, and science, especially as it is brought before them with associations of their own, and in no way assuming the offensive and humiliating position of charity.

Many a great work has been left unfinished, many a teeming brain has given way, before those powerful foes to genius—*anxiety*, and *fear of the future*! How often has the man of talent paused and trembled while he has contemplated the destitution of his family, and all that is dear to him, if overtaken by death in the midst of his projects; and while Life Assurance is suggested to obviate such afflicting thoughts, then the apprehension that should adverse circumstances prevent punctuality in his annual payments, the sacrifice already incurred will have been in vain. This Society cheerfully and with confidence points to the provision it has made for such cases, where help will be given, and every encouragement afforded to sustain the claims upon it unforfeited and unimpaired.

To the young, the principles of this Office will be peculiarly beneficial, the amount of premium being so trifling; while in the course of time the participation in the profits of this Society must return them such sums, that all they may have advanced in their early years will not only have passed again into their own possession, but a property established that will be of value during life, or a handsome bequest in case of death.

It is therefore hoped, by the establishment of this Society, to remove from men of letters and artists the reproach that in so many instances has attended them, to enforce a more ennobling appreciation of their worth, to prevent their becoming objects of charity, which humiliates as much as it relieves; and that in the midst of their triumphs, and while in the possession of health, there shall not be seen in the dim perspective the almshouse or the prison.

New Features of this Office, to which attention is particularly requested.

This Office will introduce a system for obviating an acknowledged difficulty in the way of propagating the advantages of Life Assurance. In fact, the principal objection to adopt its blessings, even by many who thoroughly appreciate its value, is the possibility of forfeiting their Policy by being unable to meet the Payments when they become due; and on the part of the Offices it has been an unwise, not to say an unjust, proceeding to compel a strict observance of this provision. It has been unwise, for the reason, that by carrying out this measure to the letter, such enormous profits have arisen from it as to become unwise and useless; since the management of them engrosses such attention and trouble as to make the Office careless of extending its business. It has been unjust; for instead of rewarding prudence and self-sacrifice by assisting, even for awhile, such strenuous exertions for the accomplishment of a noble object, or by bestowing some equivalent for past privation, it passes by such virtue unrecognised and unrewarded, and thus perverts the very principle from which Life Assurance emanated. To remedy as far as possible this defect, there will be a fund instituted by the ATHENÆUM called THE PROVIDENT FUND, to be raised by the mutual contributions of the members themselves, on the following original and beneficial plan.

The first five hundred persons who desire to participate in this benefit will leave a tenth portion of their policies for the purposes of this fund, which will be thus applied:—

1st. To the keeping up the Policies of such members who shall have previously paid five annual premiums. The aid afforded by this fund for that purpose will not be continued for a longer period than five consecutive years, and to be returned to the Society at the convenience of the assured, with interest at the rate of 5 per centum per annum, or the sum advanced may be deducted with such interest from the Policy when it shall become a claim.

2nd. To grant small Loans on the deposit of the Policy to those members who may require temporary assistance.

3rd. To such qualified members who really need it, the Directors will have the discretionary power of granting such an amount as will purchase in the Society an Annuity, not exceeding 100*l.*, during the Lives of themselves and widows; and,

4th. To divide among the surviving members, at the end of twenty years from the date of the list being closed, the whole of the remaining and unapplied portion of the fund.

The rates of premium to secure these important advantages are lower than those in many first-class Offices where no such privileges exist. For example, to assure 1,000*l.* at the age of thirty in the Equitable would cost 26*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.* per annum; while a premium of 26*l.* 5*s.* in this Office, would assure, in addition to 1,000*l.* the sum of 100*l.* to the Provident Fund.

It is also determined to provide, as far as practicable, a similar fund for such of the original Shareholders as may become distressed, by applying a portion of the entire profits of the Society for such purpose.

A moment's reflection is sufficient to shew that the great bulk of the middle and professional classes of this country stand as much in need of provision against the casualty of permanent sickness as against that of death; while statistical inquiries have proved that nearly 5 per cent. of the adult population of this kingdom are constantly incapacitated from following their occupations; and a great portion at advanced periods of life become permanently invalided. Therefore, to meet so important a desideratum, this Society will, on very moderate terms, grant Policies payable during the time of very long sickness, or when accident or any other casualty shall prevent the Assured obtaining his livelihood.

One important feature of this Society, and which has not yet been adopted by any other Assurance Company in this country, although generally in operation on the Continent, is the plan of granting Policies made payable to the holder. The difficulty, expense, delay, and annoyance so frequently experienced in pecuniary transactions in the assignment of Policies have long been felt as a grievance; and the Directors of this Society having given this subject much consideration, and acting under the advice of competent legal authorities, are resolved to give the Assured the option of receiving Policies payable to the holder. The advantages of these Policies must be obvious, as their simple construction will give greater facilities in their temporary or permanent transfer to a third party. This has been so fully appreciated on the Continent, that Policies in any other form are absolutely refused by the great bulk of insurers. The publicity, so frequently annoying and detrimental, in the assignment and re-assignment of Policies in pecuniary transactions, as well as the delay and expense consequent on the old system, have been so often complained of, that the Directors of this Society believe that the plan of making policies payable to the holders must eventually be generally adopted in this country.

Another important feature connected with this Society is that of granting Policies payable during the lifetime of the Assured, in cases where long sickness or accident may prevent parties from following their vocations.

To conclude, the Directors wish it emphatically to be understood that there are no privileges or advantages in this Institution in which the Public do not fully and equally participate, as the appeal is to them; and no benefit can accrue to any class, however worthy or respected, without the co-operation and support of all.

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